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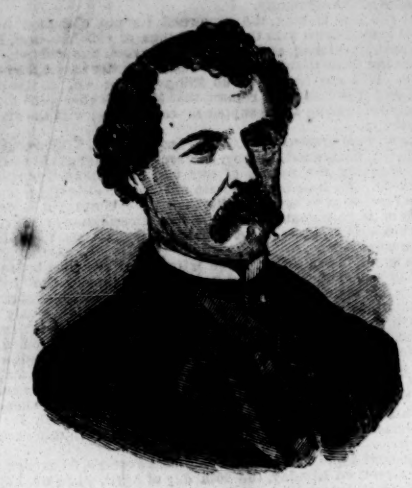
LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE APPROACHING FIGHT BETWEEN TOM KING AND JOHN C. HEENAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY THE GHOST OF FARNBOROUGH.

Old England, thou hast many boasts upon the land and sea,
Though justice has not always led thy blazoned victory;
On Cressy's plain, at Agincourt, in Spain, at Waterloo,
Thy sons have proved their bravery, and that their aim was true.
The same upon the ocean wide, where Duncan, Collingwood,
Old Blake, and Nelson in the midst of fiery tumult stood;
In all the history of thy arms, what e'er might be the cause,
Thou'st shown thyself a mighty one—a demi-god in wars.
We own to this, though time has been—and not an age ago—
When we, as foemen, met thee, and gave thee blow for blow;
And though the time may come again (tho' God forbid it may!)
When we must cross our swords once more, and join in the affray,
We give thee all thy due, Old Land; tho' others may deny
Thy claim to honor, not be ours the wish to pass thee by,
Or jeer at the old boast of thine, that ever gives the meed
Of glory to the man who's first in any gallant deed.
Three years ago, we recollect a field of contest great,
Where science, courage, and strong thews did for the laurel mate;
Where Thomas Sayers, the champion tried in a dozen bloody frays,
Competed with "Benicia's Boy," before the people's gaze.
The contest ended; *how*, thou knowest, and haply dost regret,
And feel a wish to wipe away that stain on fairness yet;
If so, our hand is your's, John Bull—a grip both long and fast,
With gladness for thy *present* deed, oblivion for the *past*.
If is even so. Our "Boy" again, adventurous and brave,
As said he'll fight thy hero, King—long may their colors wave!
And each man strive the best he can! Let each, by glory led,
Be worthy of those other "Knights," who've battled and who've bled!
Let honor be the guiding star of all who mingle where
The battle of the "Champion's" fought, and let the "play" be "fair;"
So that to England's boast again our firm faith we may pin:
"No favor shown to any one, and may the best man win!"



JOHN C. HEENAN

TOM KING.

Matched to fight for Ten Thousand Dollars.

$250 Clipper Prize Story.

THE SECRET CONCLAVE;

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN THE FIVE POINTS.

A STORY OF NEW YORK CITY LIFE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY J. A. UNDERWOOD.

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CHAPTER I.

THE HOUSE IN THE FIFTH AVENUE—MRS AVERILL—A LOVE SCENE—THE FAITHLESS WIFE—THE HUSBAND'S RETURN—THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER—INWARD DEBATINGS—STARTING TO KEEP THE APPOINTMENT.

In the year 1849, there stood on the corner of 5th avenue and ——t street, in the city of New York, a quaint looking house. Perhaps, in an old town, its peculiar appearance might not have been noticed; but, surrounded as it was on all sides by modern mansions, its pointed gables, gothic windows, and its general Elizabethan appearance, challenged the notice of every passer-by. At the time we refer to, the 5th avenue was by no means the fashionable quarter it is now, especially that portion of it where the house we have described was situated; but still, it was plainly to be seen that all the occupants of the dwellings in that neighborhood were in easy circumstances. Stables and carriage houses were attached to each residence, and almost all of them had a flower-garden before the front.

At the time our story commences, the quaint looking building to which we have referred was occupied by Mr. Robert Averill, a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age, descended from an old stock, which had, in the early history of the State, amassed a great wealth. Mr. Averill, on the death of his father, found himself the owner of a large property; and instead of squandering it away, he married the daughter of a country gentleman, and settled down into quiet life. One daughter had been the fruit of this marriage.

Our story opens on the morning of the 24th of November, 1846. The weather was stormy and blustering, the rain fell in sheets, and the branches of the leafless trees in the avenue were swayed to and fro by the wind with so much violence, that they gave forth a sound which might easily be construed into mourning for the departing Autumn. Sometimes the storm lulled a little, and the rain then fell steady and continuously, when anon the wind came tearing down the street like the charge of an immense army, and the drops of rain were immediately converted into driving sleet. The rain seemed to beat with peculiar violence against the windows of Mr. Averill's residence. The panes were clouded with a white mist, down which large pearly drops of moisture coursed each other in quick succession. Very few persons were in the street, and save several milk-carts, no vehicles could be seen,

In spite, however, of the disagreeable weather outside, the interior of Mr. Averill's house breathed comfort, luxury, and ease. The breakfast parlor, three or four crackling oak logs shed a genial warmth through the apartment, and the glowing sparks danced the chimney merrily to battle with the storm without. The room was furnished with admirable taste and elegance; the floor was covered with a thick Turkish carpet; the walls were covered with a dark, red embossed French paper, which set off admirably some splendid engravings. The chairs and tables were of the most solid description, and although perhaps they were not so gorgeously carved, nor so ornamented as those in the grand mansions of the present day, they more than made up for by their durability and capaciousness. On each side of the fire was placed a large arm chair. A table in the middle of the room, with a snowy white cloth spread over it, was covered with the elegant breakfast service, the neat arrangement of which, together with the smoking viands, showed that the inmates had not breakfasted.

A servant had scarcely placed the last dish on the table, when the mistress of the mansion entered. She was an exceedingly handsome woman, about twenty-five years of age. A little above the medium height, her form was faultlessly moulded. Her eyes and hair were intensely black, her skin dazzling white, and when she smiled, she showed teeth as white and regular as if they had been cut from a piece of solid ivory. Her lips were full and pouting, but an acute physiognomist would have said there was something sensual about her mouth. Her figure was a model of suppleness and grace, and her bust was magnificently developed.

She threw herself into a chair and commenced to eat sparingly of the breakfast spread before her. She was about half through, when the door opened, and a gentleman about thirty years of age entered. The moment Mrs. Averill saw him, a flush of pleasure illumined her beautiful face, and she rose from her seat.

"I am delighted to see you, Luke," said she, holding out both her hands.

"My dear Kate, I thought I would run down and pay you a visit this morning," said he, taking both her hands and pressing them tenderly. "When do you expect my brother home?"

"This evening," replied Mrs. Averill, with a sigh.

"Why do you sigh, Kate?" asked Luke Averill, for such was the name, as he gazed intently into the eyes of his sister-in-law. "Can you not anxious for Robert's return?"

"Why should I disguise the truth from you, Luke? Your brother treats me kindly—but my heart wants something more. He appears to me to love his books better than he does me. He seems almost entirely to myself, and I suffer from *ennui*."

"Why is it possible that he can neglect such a beautiful creature as you, Kate? Why is he blest with such a divinity, when he does not know how to appreciate his good fortune?"

Luke seated himself by his sister-in-law's side, and gazed tenderly into her eyes, at the same time retaining possession of her hand, which he continued to press tenderly. Kate Averill appeared visibly affected; her face was flushed, her bosom heaved, and she had great difficulty to restrain her emotion.

When he saw that the auspicious moment had arrived, he gently threw his arm around the supple waist of the beautiful woman beside him, and pressing her to his beating heart, he imprinted burning kisses on her pouting lips. She returned these kisses, and his daring hand invaded the sanctity of her bosom. The buttons gave way, and two globes of alabaster were revealed in all their loveliness to his excited gaze. She fixed her eyes on his, and made no resistance. Pressing his lips to one of the rosy mounts, he carried her in his arms and conveyed her to another part of the room. We must draw a veil over the scene that followed—suffice it to say that she yielded to him her honor.

It was late in the day when he left her, making the most affectionate avowals of truth and constancy.

The same evening, about seven o'clock, Mr. Robert Averill returned from Washington, little suspecting the occurrences that had taken place during his absence. He was a tall man, very handsome, and with exceedingly amiable features. His hair was dark brown, and curled naturally; his features were of that finely-chiseled character which reveals gentle blood.

When he entered his dwelling, he found a bright fire burning in the drawing room, and his wife, all smiles, waiting to receive him. The husband and wife sat down to supper. The storm continued to rage outside. Everything is benefitted by contrast. The howling wind, and the beating rain—the rattling of the dead leaves as they were hurled against the window panes, only served to bring out more sharply the comfort that reigned in that cozy apartment. The hissing tea urn, the glowing logs, the savory smell of the viands, all seemed invested with a peculiar halo of ease and contentment.

"Robert," said Mrs. Averill, helping her husband to a second cup of tea, "have you seen your uncle lately? I have not heard you mention his name for the last few weeks."

"Well, the fact is, Kate, I saw my uncle the morning I left for Washington, but our interview was so unpleasant that I did not care about mentioning it to you. He appears to be in good health, however."

"What a strange, perverse old man he is! I suppose you went to see him on the old business?"

"Yes; I renewed my request that he would dispose of the Valley Farm to me. I approached him very cautiously, and introduced the subject quite incidentally; but the moment I mentioned the matter he burst into a violent fit of rage, and absolutely ordered me out of the house."

"What did you say to him in reply?"

"O! I was perfectly calm and collected, and endeavored to show him how unreasonable his conduct was—but all I said only seemed to add flames to his rage, and I left him."

"Well, Robert, you must give up all idea of the farm; but I must say, your uncle's conduct puts me very much in mind of the fable of the dog in the manger. The farm is of no earthly use to him, and would be such an acquisition to us!"

"We must make up our minds to do without it. By-the-by, did my brother Luke call here to-day?"

"Dear me! yes," replied Mrs. Averill, turning her head away to hide a blush. "He waited for you more than an hour, supposing that you would come home by the morning train. He made an excuse to me that he wanted to read 'Toplady's Discourses.'"

"Poor Luke! he cannot cure himself of his religious enthusiasm—but I honor him for it. I wish, however, that he would mingle a little less of his religion with his conversation."

"Well, Robert," said Mrs. Averill, in a hypocritical tone of voice, "to tell you the truth, I cannot like your brother Luke; my instinct tells me that he is not to be trusted."

"My dear wife, you are prejudiced. But I must go to my study. I have some new works to look over, received a few days ago from England."

"And I will go to the nursery," said his wife.

Robert Averill retired to his study, and began to peruse the books he had referred to. He had not been reading more than a few minutes, when his eyes fell on some letters which lay on his desk. They were five or six in number, but he took so little interest in them that he continued his reading. It was a new poem by Victor Hugo, which engrossed his attention; and it was not until he had finished the canto he had commenced, that he took up the letters.

He opened them one by one, but they did not appear to interest him much. Some were invitations—one was a request that he might be put in nomination for some high office in the State. One was a complaint from one of his tenants that he could not pay his rent. At last he came to the only remaining letter, and it immediately absorbed his attention. It was a long, delicate pink envelope, from which was exhaled an odor of patchouli or musk. The superscription was in the delicate hand of an educated lady. Robert Averill turned over this note several times before he opened it, with that peculiar curiosity which makes us endeavor to discover who is the author of a letter without breaking the seal. The writing being totally unfamiliar to him, he was compelled at last to open the note. The pink sheet of note paper it contained was covered with the same delicate, lady-like writing, and revealed, at all events, that the lady who penned it was educated.

It ran as follows:—

"NEW YORK, Nov. 24th, 1846.

"SIR—I have to trust to your known goodness of heart for the reception you will give to this note, and should you not deign to make any reply to it, I shall have no cause to complain; at the same time allow me to state that I am only actuated by a desire for your welfare in the course I now pursue. It is necessary, sir, that you should visit me at my home. I have the most important matters to reveal to you—matters which concern you most nearly, and which, if you knew them, might avert a great catastrophe. If you have sufficient faith in an anonymous correspondent, you will be at the corner of Canal street and Broadway to-morrow night at eleven o'clock; you will there find a messenger who will conduct you to me. Remember, I beseech you, that I am only moved by the sincerest regards for you, and that I possess information which must be of the greatest service to you. Whatever you do, I must bind you down to the most inviolable secresy, and I beg that you will not show this letter to a living soul—but destroy it as soon as read.

"Yours very truly, A SINCERE FRIEND."

Robert Averill read and re-read this letter over several times—it completely nonplussed him. Who could it come from? What could it mean? What could be the important matter which this unknown correspondent had to reveal? Was it some snare? Should he obey the summons or not? Such were the questions he asked himself again and again. He threw himself back in his chair. Victor Hugo was forgotten, and he turned the matter a long time over in his own mind without being able to come to any satisfactory conclusion. His reason told him not to go, but curiosity, which quality we all of us more or less possess, strongly inclined him to keep the appointment. It was in the midst of these deliberations that he retired to bed.

After breakfast the next morning, he again entered his study, and was still undecided whether he should keep the appointment or not. He again perused the mysterious letter, and while thus engaged, he heard the light step of his wife approaching the door. Some strange feeling, which, if he had been asked to analize, he would have been unable to do so, caused him to throw the note in the fire. It had scarcely been consumed before Mrs. Averill entered the study.

"Robert," said she, as she entered, shall we continue our reading of the 'Lady of the Lake,' this morning?"

"Not this morning, Kate; I have some letters to write," said her husband, endeavoring to look unconcerned.

"Has the postman been here this morning?"

"Yes, my dear; there are my letters on the table."

"There were none for me, then?"

"No; but you can peruse mine if you like," said her husband, with a smile.

"O, your letters are always so uninteresting; nothing but business—business."

Mrs. Averill, in spite of her declaration, began to peruse the various epistles that had arrived that morning. The third one she took up caused her to stop suddenly.

"O, Robert," said she, "I hope you will not go out to this meeting to-night."

"What meeting is that?" asked her husband, in some surprise.

"Why, the meeting of the Socrates Lodge of Freemasons."

A sudden idea appeared to strike Averill. The fact was, this decided him as to whether he should obey the summons of the mysterious note or not. Perhaps he was deterred before by the want of an excuse to give his wife.

"I am afraid, my dear, I must go. You know I have not attended my lodge lately, and I hold an important office."

"I am very sorry, indeed, Robert, that you will have to go out to-night. I had set my heart on hearing Sontag."

"My love, we will go to the opera to-morrow night."

"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with that. I do believe it is going to turn out a fine day, after all," continued Mrs. Averill, going to the window. "If such should be the case, will you go down town with me this morning?"

"Certainly, my love."

Mrs. Averill's prognostications were speedily fulfilled, for soon afterwards the clouds separated, and the bright sun shone forth, making the few leaves that remained on the trees, glisten as if covered with a coating of silver. The carriage was ordered out, and by twelve o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Averill were down town, making purchases. They returned about four, and passed the remainder of the time till eight, reading aloud their favorite authors—then supper followed.

At nine o'clock, Robert Averill, kissing his wife and sleeping child, and wrapping his cloak tightly around him, left the house, for the purpose of keeping his appointment.

CHAPTER II.

THE APPOINTMENT—THE CYPRIAN—THE PROPHECY—THE MASKED DRIVER—THE NIGHT RIDE—THE BEAUTIFUL HELOISE—A TENDER SCENE—THE PROPHECY FULFILLED—THE STRANGE REQUEST—AVERILL'S REFUSAL—THE RETURN TO NEW YORK—THE WATCHMAN, CHARLEY.

When Robert Averill entered the street, the wind was blowing quite freshly, and thick, heavy clouds obscured the sky. The moon, which was at its full, had been up some three or four hours, but dark masses of clouds for the most part obscured it from sight; at the same time, every now and then the queen of night would assert her supremacy, by bursting asunder the envious clouds, and revealing herself in all her purity and beauty.

A variety of thoughts crossed Mr. Averill's mind as he proceeded leisurely down Broadway. He had not as yet fully made up his mind as to whether he should keep the appointment or not. He determined in the first place that he would visit his lodge, and as that broke up usually at half past ten, he could then decide what he should do. It was in vain that he racked his brain to think what the communication could be, and, in fact, he rather inclined to the opinion that there was some imposition in the matter; but even with this conviction, the spirit of adventure was so strong within him, that he resolved to go through with it to the end.

It was about half past nine by the time he reached his place of meeting in Bond street. In an hour he was again in the street, and was now to decide whether he should direct his steps down town or up town—the former path conducting him to Canal street, the latter to his own residence. The sky by this time was entirely free from clouds, and the broad, full moon sailed in the heavens in all the splendor of her solitary glory. Here and there the firmament was gemmed with some star which was too large to be outshone by the earth's satellite. The bright moonlight, and that love of adventure, of which we have before spoken, decided Averill, for, pressing his hat more firmly on his head, and wrapping his cloak more closely around him, he directed his steps towards Canal street.

By this time, Broadway was relieved of the great pressure of its pedestrians. It is true, there were a goodly number of persons on each sidewalk, but there was not that crowd which renders locomotion tedious and troublesome. The stores, for the most part, were closed, but now and then the bright light from a confectioner's establishment, a drug store, or a drinking saloon, illuminated the pavement. While on his way, Averill felt himself suddenly seized by the arm, and turning round, saw that it was one of those frail beauties who frequent Broadway at night. She was, in spite of her vocation, still handsome.

"Won't you come home with me, my dear?" said she.

"No, no; go away!" said he, curtly.

"I have got such pretty pictures to show you at home," said she, and I tell you my limbs are not to be despised."

As if to convince him of the fact, she suddenly raised her skirts above her knees; but even this did not tempt Averill, for he shook himself impatiently away from her.

"Go away, woman, I tell you!" he exclaimed in an angry voice. "You have made a mistake in the person you have addressed."

"Oh, you are too moral to go home with a pretty girl, are you?" replied the cyprian, with a scornful laugh. "Now I'll wager a dollar that you're going to keep some appointment to-night, and that if you have got a wife at home, you'll be untrue to her before morning."

So saying, she left him, and Averill pressed on, smiling to himself at the girl's prophecy as being one impossible to be fulfilled. But how little we know the difficulties of resisting temptation.

Averill did not walk very fast, so that by the time he reached Canal street it wanted but five minutes to eleven. He stationed himself at the corner of the street, and waited. With the last stroke of the clock, he saw, on the opposite corner of the street, a woman closely veiled, who appeared to be waiting for some one. After a minute or two had elapsed, she evidently saw Averill, for she crossed the street, hesitating a moment, and then approaching him, exclaimed in a hurried voice:

"Are you Mr. Averill?"

"I am."

"Then follow me, quick, sir."

So saying, the woman darted off, leaving Robert Averill almost in a state of bewilderment at her sudden and mysterious movements. He hesitated a moment or two as to whether he should obey her or not, when the woman, perceiving that he made no motion to act on her suggestion, turned back, and approached him in the same mysterious way as before.

"You are not surely afraid of a woman?" she whispered in his ear. "Come, sir, come—it is for your good."

Robert hesitated no longer, but beckoning the woman to proceed, exclaimed:

"Go on, I will follow you."

Without another word, the woman darted forward again, and Averill hurried after her. He was astonished to find how his conductress got over the ground. She did not run, nor could her motion be called exactly a walk; at any rate he was compelled to proceed very fast, in order to keep up with her. She continued her quick pace for several blocks, until she came to a small open space formed by the meeting together of several streets. Here she stopped, and her follower perceived that a hack stood beside the pavement. It was a very retired spot, and not a soul was visible but the hackman, his strange conductor, and himself.

"You must enter that hack," said the woman, in the same voice as before.

"How far have I to go?" asked Averill.

"It is too long a distance to walk," replied the woman.

"Do you know where to go, driver?" asked Robert of the hackman, who stood with his back to him on the pavement. The man turned half round, and then appearing suddenly to remember himself, he turned his back again; but the motion was not quick enough to prevent Averill from perceiving that he wore a black crape mask. The driver made no reply to the question addressed to him, but the woman said:

"He knows where to drive—come sir, lose no time, but jump in the carriage."

More and more surprised at this mystery, Averill's curiosity became so excited that he determined he would see the end of the adventure. He was naturally a very brave, determined man, and danger only stimulated him. Without making any reply, he entered the vehicle, and the horses set off at a rapid rate. Averill thought that he knew every portion of Manhattan Island, from Harlem Bridge to the Battery; but to his great surprise the carriage took a road which was entirely unknown to him; the houses they passed he had never seen before; some of them were of the meanest description, but here and there was an edifice of much greater pretensions, and which really appeared quite respectable. He also remarked it as strange, that during the whole of the drive he did not see a living soul in the streets through which they passed. He could almost fancy that he was traveling through a city of the dead. After traversing many streets, the vehicle entered the open country, and continued its course, as near as the occupant of the carriage could calculate,

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"I believe some one is
as he reached the entrance.

The domestic made no reply,
house. More determined than
possible, Robert entered, and found
with a marble floor. Directly in front of
case, the steps of which were covered with
carpet. The servant who had opened the door
Averill, and began to ascend, motioning for Robert to follow
He obeyed, and soon reached the first landing, a wide and spacious corridor. They stopped before a door, and the domestic knocked gently with his knuckles. A soft voice bade them enter. Averill noticed the same strange thing as he had done to the driver—the servant's hand was as white and soft as a woman's.

The domestic opened the door, and motioned for Robert to enter. He did so, and the door closed on him.

Averill found himself in an apartment of moderate size, but furnished with a luxury of which he had never had any idea before. The chamber was of octagon shape, and lighted by a chandelier which hung from the ceiling, suspended therefrom by silver chains. The ceiling was beautifully frescoed, and was painted with scenes from heathen mythology. Placed here and there through the apartment, were statuettes of Parian marble, which almost seemed to breathe in the soft, artificial light. There were eight panels formed by the octagon shape of the room, on each of which was a beautiful painting representing female forms almost in a state of nudity. The floor was covered with a gorgeous medallion carpet, and round the walls were placed chairs and sofas of the most costly description. A peculiar, intoxicating perfume was shed through the room, which had the effect of inducing a soft langor, and in some measure enervating the mind. There was one strange circumstance which immediately struck Robert as he entered: there were no windows in the room, and he could not now trace the door by which he had entered.

At first Averill supposed the room was untenanted, but a rustling sound at the further end of the apartment caused him to direct his eyes there.

A woman rose in a sitting posture on the sofa where she had been reclining. She was young, evidently not more than twenty-two years of age, and of the most dazzling beauty. She was dressed in a strange costume, half Oriental, and of such a fine texture that the voluptuous swell of her magnificent limbs could be plainly traced through it. Her hair was as black as the raven's plume, and hung in natural curls on shoulders as white as alabaster. The dress she wore was excessively *decolette*, and allowed to be seen two globes of snow which rose and fell with her breathing, and before which those of Venus de Medicis, had they been animated by Promethian fire, would have paled. Her forehead was a pure white, her eyes were intensely black, but soft and gentle in their expression; her nose was Grecian, and her mouth was small, while her lips were red and pouting, and her hands and feet were as small as the most fastidious judge of womanly beauty could desire. In assuming an upright position on the sofa, her skirts had become disarranged at the bottom, and she revealed a ravishing leg that was sufficient to set an anchorite crazy.

Robert Averill was but human, in spite of his hitherto pure life; the sight of this voluptuous creature and the liberal display of her exquisite charms, caused the blood to flow rapidly through his veins. His face flushed, his whole body trembled, and he murmured some inarticulate words.

With the most charming grace, the beautiful girl pointed to a seat by her side on the sofa. Averill, whose wonderment and delirium had now reached its acme, obeyed her gesture.

"Robert Averill," said she, seizing both his hands and pressing them tenderly, while her soft eyes shot forth glances of intense desire, "can you forgive me for having sent for you here? I have known you long, and I have known you only to love, worship, and adore you.

"What reply can I make, beautiful creature?" said Robert, pressing her bosom firm to his heart, and imprinting a thousand kisses on her humid lips. We need hardly say that these kisses were returned with interest.

While caressing her in this manner, he unfastened the diamond brooch which held the front of her dress together, and all the wealth of her splendid bust was revealed to him. His lips pressed a thousand burning kisses on that lovely bosom, and he could admire it in all its resplendent beauty. At last, drunk with happiness and love, he fell into her arms and they forgot the world.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

THE LIVES OF MUSICAL MEN.

It may be regarded as a peculiar misfortune to the art of music, that the biographies of its most eminent professors and performers have been less agreeably written, and are, therefore, less widely remembered, than the records of men who have risen to celebrity by the cultivation of the sister arts. St. Cecilia's disciples have had no Vasari.

The lives of great musicians, which are attractive to the general reader, might almost be numbered on the fingers of one hand. The stock of musical anecdotes which has been collected for universal use—not technical guidance—might be printed in nearly as small a compass as Porpora's manual of two pages.

Persons moderately conversant with literary gossip may have read how Lulu cheated the priests, when he was lying on his death-bed; how Handel held a refractory songstress out of the window till she consented to sing what he had set down for her; and how the same solitary giant ate, with his "capacious mouth," the dinner which he had ordered for three.

They may know Mozart's pertinent answer to the Emperor Joseph's complaint against "Figaro," as having too many notes; and the touching fable of his "Requiem."

They have heard how Signor Rossini saved the last act of his "Mose," and astonished Signor Tottola, his poet, by scribbling, at a moment's warning, that "Prayer of the Israelites," which has served as the prototype for so many subsequent stage effects.

The many have some idea that Beethoven was a rugged genius—deaf, and occasionally brutal—who delivered himself of high-flown rhapsodies to Bettina; that the composer of "Der Freischutz," when dying of his long illness in London, wrote affectionate letters to his wife; that Mendelssohn, when a boy, was mentioned with hopeful expectation by Goethe, in his correspondence, and grew up to be one of the most accomplished men of his time. But a dozen more traits and generalities like these would sum up the amount of knowledge of the great musicians in circulation among those who do not profess some musical proficiency.

Considering the remarkable combination of gifts required to produce a great musician, and the exalted pleasure it is the good fortune of a great musician to diffuse among mankind, justice has hardly been done to this illustrious class of artists. Perhaps the engrossing nature of their pursuit tends to concentrate their fancy and their science on a single object. Perhaps the incessant publicity and personal exhibition which attends their professional life has somewhat lowered their true dignity. That something of the old contemptuous notion of the musician or buffoon—something of Johnson's paradoxical and insulting speech, "Punch has no feelings"—is involved in this matter, cannot be doubted.

In this department of literature, beyond almost every other, are required patience, calmness, judgment, and candor; deep, close, and minute special knowledge, in short. What is more, the man who would write the life of an exhibiting artist—which a musician's life must be, whether he be a composer or interpreter—should possess knowledge of the social world in which the musician lived, and of the precise art which he adorned.

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…AKEHOLDER'S HANDS.
…LARS NOW UP.

…ent of a match being made …ding, for ten thousand dol… …rsation all over the country. …s swallowed up in this impor… …o such men as Heenan and … of agreement, the second de… …ng altogether fifteen hundred …holder at our last advices from …will be found an account of the …and the remarks of the London …. It seems that some of the Lon… genuineness of the match, suppos… …sing dodge, as both men will travel …ough the summer. We do not share in …s the match to be *bona fide*, brought …oy a quarrel which took place between …ago, and of which we informed our read… …y may see by referring to their files. There … money at stake in this coming meeting, …ght hard to settle an old grudge. Mace ap… …ave a finger in the pie, and offers to fight …mes at an early day, but they both refuse to …do with him until after they shall have decided …h.

…agements of the men will occupy their time for …yet, so that they will not commence their reg… …until fall, although they will be undergoing a sort …nary training while moving about the country. …as been taking good care of himself for a long time, … a more abstemious life than he formerly was accustomed …

As soon as we hear that the men have gone into regular …ining, we shall dispatch a special reporter to London, to …emain there until the fight is over, and to give us every partic… …ular touching the progress of the match, incidents connected with their training, opinions and gossip of the ring goers, etc., etc. The public will naturally look to the CLIPPER for the earliest and most reliable intelligence of the progress of affairs, and we shall take good care that they are not disappointed. Were the men in training now, we should dispatch a reporter at once to England, although nearly eight months must elapse before the fight takes place.

In England, as in America, the match is creating a great sensation, even at this early day. As the time draws near, the excitement will be intense. Jack McDonald, the best second in all England, will probably attend to the training and seconding of Heenan. He is a shrewd, far-seeing little man, and as sharp as a steel trap. He was with the Boy in his last campaign, and did his work well and thoroughly, bringing upon his own head the abuse of a certain portion of the London press for his advocacy of Heenan's rights, long after the event at Farnborough had been decided.

In betting circles, Heenan, as we expected, is the favorite, although the King's friends claim longer odds than the Heenan men are willing to allow. There are reports in circulation that Heenan's hands are not sound. We have heard nothing of the sort from either Heenan or McDonald, and we have had intelligence from both men on other matters. Should we ascertain that there is any foundation for such reports, the readers of the CLIPPER will not be kept in the dark. See article in our foreign department in regard to this extraordinary match.

FASHION COURSE.—The trotting of the season opens this week on the Fashion Course. As the Union has been occupied during the fall and winter by volunteer regiments, it is so badly in need of repair that it will require almost the entire summer to refit and renovate. As a consequence, there will be from three to four days trotting in each week over the Fashion, and on some of these days from two to three races. We hope the managers will make use of their good fortune to instil, if possible, a little old fashioned honesty into those experts who handle the ribands—it would be refreshing once more to see fair, square trotting, and barring accidents to see the *"best horse win,"* in despite of "knowing ones" who make a ring. We will be there, and report what we see, and trust the reports will be creditable to all interested, for then the public patronage will be secured.

THE BIG BILLIARD MATCH.—The CLIPPER will make its appearance once more 'ere the big billiard match between Messrs. Kavanagh and Goldthwaite takes place, the *time* fixed being April 23d, and the place, Irving *Hall*, opposite the Academy of Music, in this city. The result will be given, doubtless, in the daily and other papers, previous to its appearance in the CLIPPER, as it takes place but two days after our regular publication day; but we can promise, and the CLIPPER never yet failed in fulfilling its promises, that our report shall be as succinct and *truthful*, as any that may appear. Our readers, who know us, will prefer to wait with patience, therefore, for the details and the truth as it may be developed. No great amount of betting has as yet been done, although we have heard of a little at par, Kavanagh for choice.

ALL ABOARD!—With this number of the CLIPPER, we commence our Eleventh Volume, and start out on a fresh voyage. We shall make no promises, further than to say that we shall endeavor to merit a continuance of that public patronage, which has been so kindly and freely bestowed upon us ever since we set our little craft in motion. The reader will observe that the present issue is richly freighted with good things, and we shall use every effort to keep the CLIPPER the leading sporting and theatrical paper of America, as it is at present.

THE TRAVELING SHOW SEASON.—Appearances indicate a highly prosperous season for traveling showmen; and in anticipation of an abundant harvest, our friends are making great preparations to give unusually excellent entertainments. Nearly all companies will be on the wing by the 1st of May, some of them commencing operations as early as Monday next, April 20th. One of the most complete concerns ever organised is that of Mr. L. B. Lent, which makes its first stand on the 20th, at Elizabeth, New Jersey.

FLASH IN THE PAN.—By latest mail advices from San Francisco, it appears that Lazarus did *not* win, in his match with Daly. On the contrary, the Referee decided in favor of Daly; but there seems to have been something wrong about the whole affair, as we learn, by a private letter we received on the 10th, that a sort of compromise had been effected, each man receiving his own stakes. We give full particulars of the affair in another part of this issue of the CLIPPER.

NOBODY HURT.—The report of the War Committee, which was intended to annihilate Gen. McClellan, "didn't hurt nobody," after all, except giving a smart shock, by the recoil, to those who were selected to touch it off. Little Mac "still lives," and has a firmer hold than ever on the affections of the people. In what shape is the next attack to be made? And who will next be the select few to do the dirty work?

"SECRET CONCLAVE."—On the first page of the CLIPPER will be found the opening chapters of our prize story, for which the author has received the sum of $250. It is a capital story, well told, full of stirring and startling incidents, with a well laid plot, and the interest continuing to the end. By next week we shall be able to announce our decision concerning the remaining prizes, not having had time yet to finish a second reading of the stories put in competition.

LEGS AND CUPS.—Here's a little squib which our St. Louis correspondent, "Copernicus," invented:—

"What's the difference between a race horse and a drunken man?"

One loses his legs by his cups, and the other wins cups by his legs.

…ND, nor can we find …ards within the time … that such a run may have …e time or other; but *seeing* it …dd to our faith materially. Will …ould we make "a discovery," will give … column, in a succeeding issue.

…OOKLYN.—"A bet was made between A and B con…rning the ancient way of spelling Brooklyn, and it is left to the …ER to decide."……The name conferred upon the place …y the Dutch was spelled "Breucklen." In the act dividing the province into counties and towns, passed in 1685, it is spelled Breucklyn. The present appellation, we believe, was not adopted until after the revolution.

H. E., Philadelphia.—We cannot undertake to decide such bets, for we are unable to say what Heenan might or might not accomplish with the full force of a blow. If his blows possessed all the power some people ascribe to them, Tom Sayers would not have been able to stand up before them for such a length of time. Your bet is a draw.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER Pawtucket, R. I.—1. The great ten mile foot race, in which Barlow, Greenhalgh, Steeprock, Gildersleeve, McCabe, Taylor, Smith, Underhill and Jackson contended, took place on the Beacon Course, N. J., Nov. 19, 1844. 2. Barlow's time was 54:21.

J. G. E., Springfield, Mass.—We have not time to attend to the matter. There are two or three parties advertising such stock in our columns. Perhaps you may get what you want from them.

A. J. R., N. Y.—1. You can make yourself best known as a comic singer by advertising. 2. It would not be necessary that you should sing your own compositions, but the more original and fresh they are, the better they take.

W. A. REYNOLDS, Corinthian Hall, Rochester, N. Y.—Your letter was previously answered, which you no doubt received about the same time as your's of the 8th was received here.

COPERNICUS, St. Louis.—We have no room to spare for the song; we merely gave the two verses as a sample of the "offensive" refrain.

TIMOTHY A. R., Washington, N. C.—We can supply you with all the "Cock of the Walk," but one number, at four cents per number. "Invisible Thief" not to be had.

CONSTANT READER, Elizabeth.—1. John C. Heenan was born in West Troy, May 1, 1834. 2. Tom King first saw the light of day August 14, 1836, at Stepney, London.

AMEROTYPIST, Boston.—We have later items than those you send; besides, your communication is too lengthy for our readers. Short, spicy items, are what we prefer.

T. BUCK, Brooklyn.—Flora Temple did trot a mile in two minutes, nineteen and three quarters of a second, on a track said by good authority to be a full mile.

L. N. A., Chicago.—Your communication reached us too late for last week's issue, and the items are not sufficiently *fresh for* this.

PAT O'CONNOR.—Mrs. Barney Williams was the widow of Mr. Charles Mestayer, previous to her marriage with Barney Williams. Your friend is in error.

RUNAWAY, Philadelphia.—Will give you the information desired in our next, not having time to hunt it up this week.

J. H. S., Argyle, N. Y.—Appleton, 443 Broadway, may have the book. We have not a copy for sale.

C. E.—We are credibly informed that Heenan was married to Miss Sara Stevens, the actress, some time ago.

READ.—They are usually measured three feet from the inside rail.

TOLEDO, Ohio.—See advertisements. If not there, send your letters in our care.

CALEDONIA, N. Y.—The cards you enumerate, do not constitute a straight or sequence.

FRED C., Camp near Falmouth, Va.—A boat's pull around Manhattan Island is 33 miles.

BILLY COFFEY, Placerville, Cal.—Address your letter to Fred C. in our care, and he will get it all right.

GEO. W. W., Mt. Ephraim, N. J.—Your subscription will expire in July.

E. W. M., Woodstock, N. J.—Drop a line to Charley White, 444 Broadway, New York.

CONSTANT READER, Memphis.—A letter to Gray, who advertises in our columns, will fetch the article.

M. L. T., Washington, D. C.—Keep the animal in close quarters from time to time, until its natural inclinations pass over.

OLLIE.—Address it in our care, and we will try to have it delivered in the proper quarter.

J. K.—We cannot enlighten you on such a "sheepish" question.

J. E. M., Baltimore.—We did not preserve the manuscript.

TAMMANY, Falmouth, Va.—May probably give it in a future No.

C. B. G., Syracuse, N. Y.—All right. Letter duly forwarded.

S. H.—Tom Sayers came up every round except the last.

A READER.—The club is defunct.

J. F. SULLIVAN, Richmond, Va.—Thank you.

☞ Correspondents whose questions have not received attention in this issue, will be replied to at length in our next, until which time we claim the indulgence of our friends.

THE CRICKET SEASON OF 1863.—The weather, thus far, has not been such as to favor the preparation of cricket grounds, and we fear that "opening day" will be deferred somewhat; in fact, we should not wonder if the merry month of May should have introduced itself some days, ere the ball is started in a regular manner. Individual enthusiasm may o'erstep itself, and run risks of taking cold from premature exposure to wind, damp, and rain, but the wise will be cautious, and be content, at most, with viewing the old camping-grounds, and canvassing the question of "a good wicket." The CLIPPER will, as heretofore, take the lead as the cricketers' chronicle, and the reports of all important matches will be supervised by one who this week enters upon his eighth year as a writer and reporter of cricket, and the same individual who was the first to prepare exclusively for the CLIPPER, analyses of batting and bowling, as he was the first to keep the scores in their present detailed form, and may therefore be considered as the pioneer of modern cricket literature in this country. His intimate acquaintance with the leading players, and a thorough knowledge of the theory of the game, as well as having no interest to lead him to personal laudation, makes it no mere boast for us to promise the most reliable reports on all important occasions. Thus endeth the CLIPPER'S eleventh annual address to the cricketers of America.

THE RING.

THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP.

ELEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE STAKEHOLDER'S HANDS.

NEXT DEPOSIT AT BOB FOSTER'S.

On Monday, the 6th inst., the fifth deposit of $100 a side was made good at the house of Pete Gallagher, St. Nicholas Bowling Saloon, 535 Broadway, and the sixth is due on Monday, April 13, at Tom McCoy's, the White House, Grand street, but as we go to press on that evening, we are not able to give the scenes and incidents at the ceremony.

At the last staking, the renowned ten-pin champion had a table loaded down with the good things of this life—beef, ham, etc., etc., free for all, and as there were several hundreds who called on the Little Giant, it took no small quantity to feed the multitude. Pete was bound to do things "up brown," as the poets say, and it is worthy of remark that Mr. Gallagher is the first to inaugurate giving a free supper in conjunction with the staking ceremony.

There were present Mike Smith, Izzy Lazarus, Kit Burns, Saxe, J. Roche, Hollywood, Dorsey, and scores we cannot call to mind—all arguing the merits of our two champions, Coburn and McCoole. We hear that a certain old fogy sheet is trying to kick up a fuss, so as to have it North against the South, but the imbecility of its arguments is beneath our notice; like everything else it takes hold of, there is not the least dependence to be placed upon what it says.

As usual, it was within three minutes of the time before the money was forthcoming, and it looked as though the Western man's friends wanted to "steal a march," but everything ended harmoniously, and just on the minute both men's money was safe in the hands of our reporter. Although it is generally believed Mr. Hill hasn't a dollar in the match, we must do him the justice to say that he fulfils the somewhat peculiar position of representing the Western Champion with general satisfaction. That Pete Gallagher is "deeply interested," everybody is aware, and he has always been ready to back up his opinion whenever anything like reasonable offers were made. So much for the gentlemen who have figured so conspicuously in this exciting match.

The next deposit will be at Mr. Robert Foster's, 3d avenue and 35th street, on Monday, the 20th day of April, when we hope a good assemblage will be present.

ANOTHER GO IN THE CALIFORNIA P. R.

A prize fight took place a few days ago on the north side of the American River, between two workmen engaged on the Pacific Railroad. A correspondent sends us the following account of the affair:—A mill took place on Saturday last, out on Coffee's section, between two railroad hands named M. Leary and William Robertson. After having arranged everything, such as choosing seconds, referees, bottle-holders, etc., a ring was made, and both parties stripped for the fight. Leary, who is a strapping piece of a man, first shied his castor into the ring, and was followed immediately by his opponent, William Robertson, who showed splendid muscles.

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. There was but very little fighting in this round, as both were evidently trying to find out each other's points; the only blow of consequence was a crack delivered on the bugle of Robertson by Leary.

2. Both men came up to the scratch in gallant style: there was some splendid sparring exhibited in this round. Robertson let go his bunch of fives and tapped Leary on the nose. Leary retreated toward the ropes, followed up closely by Robertson, who dealt his opponent another stunner on his potato trap—knocking him clear off his pins—causing the gallant Leary to go to grass. First knock down and blood for Robertson. Great excitement for a time prevailed among the backers of each; plugs of tobacco, money, hats, coats, month's wages were freely bet on the issue of the fight.

3. Leary came up flushed; Robertson blooming as a rose; Leary made a pass at the potato trap of Robertson, which was beautifully stopped by Rob., who tried to return the compliment, but a left hander from Leary came with terrific force on his left peeper, knocking him square off his feet. [Great cheering for Leary.]

The fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh rounds were fought with but slight advantage on either side; it was about equal; both men hit and took punishment like veterans.

12. Both men came to the scratch each badly punished; Robertson led off in his usual style; Leary had mischief in his eye. A few passes were made, when Leary got in a terrific left hander on the bread-basket of his opponent, knocking him staggering against the ropes. At this stage of the fight a cry of "foul" was raised, which happened in this wise. After the blow was struck which sent Robertson staggering on the ropes, Leary followed up, striking him all the time, at the last blow making a motion with his foot, as if to kick. For four or five minutes everything was confusion; the ring was broken in, and everything betokened a regular free fight. Some order being restored, it was referred to John F. Knox, referee, who declared that the proceedings were all right and fair, according to the rules and regulations of the Prize Ring. His judgment was sustained, and "order again reigned in Warsaw."

13. Robertson was evidently a beaten man. He staggered up from his corner, and was met smilingly by Leary, who made a feint with his right and let fly his left, but was handsomely stopped by Robertson, who dealt his opponent a smart blow on the nose, which caused the claret to flow. Leary rather nettled, as it were, rushed furiously on Robertson, dealing him (almost as quick as the eye could wink) heavy blows upon his frontispiece. Robertson was wild; he was a whipped man, and needed only one blow to finish him, which was done in the shape of a tap under the ear, which sent him kicking to "mother earth," and knocked him out of time. Leary was therefore declared victor after a fight of forty-eight minutes. The men were pretty well matched, weighing one hundred and seventy-five pounds each, well muscled and well knit. Take it on the whole it was a good fight, and served somewhat to break in upon the monotony of railroad life.—*Sacramento Union, March 8.*

HOUSE WARMING OVER IN BROOKLYN.—MIKE HENRY'S.—As spoken about in a former batch of items, the opening night proper at "Gallus Mike's" new saloon, corner of Gold and Plymouth streets, Brooklyn, duly came off, and with great *eclat*, on Saturday evening, 28th ult. We promised to be there, and came to time, but were disappointed that some other good fellows didn't. Our knowledge of Brooklyn is not very extensive, or you wouldn't think so to see "two gay sports, all the way from Mackerelville," hunting for Gold around Hooley's Opera House, and if we ever meet the "image of his father" who gave us Court and Remsen streets as where Michael held his levees, "look out for a storm," as the barometer would say. After one of the longest round-about walks we've experienced since leaving London, (no gas about that, although there's plenty aroung Mickey's neighborhood,) the hotel was finally reached, at about 10 P. M., and who should be there, looking through the bottom of a tumbler, but our old chum, "Saxe." He, too, a stranger, had been "taken in" like ourselves, by somebody or other with more breeches than brains. In less than two shakes, we were punishing old Johnson's prime ale—for who doesn't love a drop of good beer—to an extent that would make Father Mathew's eyes roll up in holy horror. Mike then introduced us to Billy Johnson (whom we happened to know like a book, only didn't say so,) Harry Gribbin's old bar-tender, now doing duty for the sporting landlord opposite the Gas Works; afterwards "showed us the pictures"—Gribbin's, Ould Jack's, and several personal friends we can't think of for our lives. In a few days will be added the magnificent full-length photograph of that great betting sport and turf patron, John Morrissey, Esq.—a "speaking likeness" as our young friend, Gladding, the caricaturist, told Sir John himself. This is indeed a gem. We have one ourselves, have had it nearly two years, and are only waiting for a proper place to have it all out, as large as life. Half an hour's chat at the bar, then following Mike, we were soon amongst one of the jolliest parties that ever drank the health of St. Patrick. In the little bar parlor was a great table, loaded down with prime sandwiches and other antidotes for those troubled with gnawings at the stomach, all cut up especially for the occasion. After an eat, a drink, and a smoke, Tommy Meakin and his friend Lyrich proposed that their mutual friend, Mr. Gibbons, should favor us with a harmony, readily complied with and well sung. Other gentlemen kept pouring in so thick and fast that we can't begin to call over the names of their forefathers. Mr. Lowery (not unlike Kit Burns) gave us a ditty about "Petticoat Lane;" Mr. Clarke sang "The Wild Boy" and "Daniel O'Connell's Steam Engine for Making Soldiers"—the first sentimental, the second comic; we side with the old woman on that subject. Mr. John G. Quirk, of Canal street, scenic artist for the Bryants and others, did "Vive l'America" very sweetly: he possesses a rich musical voice. Here Mr. Conner—one of those dry, facetious, fun-loving sons of Momus, every ready with a joke—entered the room, and seeing one of Con Orem's bills on the wall, allowed, "And who is the Colored Champion any way? Do any of yez know?" Conner made believe he didn't know the difference between Colorado and colored, insisting afterwards that it should be colored any how, to make it right. Cracking jokes on one another followed, and after one of the most sociable nights ever spent in Brooklyn, we started "homeward bound," stopping on the way to see that prince of good fellows, Pat Kelly, of Tammany Hall, corner of York and Pearl streets, having a little chat, and then made for the glorious old Empire City, and so on up among the "Forties," getting to roost just as we ought to think of going to Mass.

JOHNNY HEALY'S RETORT TO BARNEY FARLEY'S FOUR CHALLENGES.—The Worcester man seems to think the Woonsocket Boy seeks newspaper notoriety, as this is the second time he has challenged him within six months. Healy answered the first, offering to give away five pounds in weight, but Farley "held his hush." Here's what Johnny Healy has to say:—"1. I will run Farley one mile for $50 or $100. I never ran for money in my life. 2. I will fight Farley a glove fight, same as Coburn and Clarke, for $100 or $200—to spar an hour or half an hour. 3. I will give Farley ten pounds and fight him without gloves for $500, at 135 lbs. in two or three months from the first deposit. If Farley means business, let him send a deposit. Otherwise I shall take no further notice of his bouncing."

JOHNNY HEALY, 79 Front st., Worcester, Mass.

PORTRAITS OF JOHN C. HEENAN.—W. C. Wemyss, of No. 575 Broadway, offers for sale some excellent *cartes de visite*, and other likenesses of John C. Heenan, now matched to fight Tom King in England.

THE DUNN AND ELLIOTT MATCH.—Another deposit of $50 a side was posted with our representative at Phil Clare's, 401 Columbia street, Brooklyn, when everything went off lovely. The third, of $100 a side, is fixed for this (Monday) evening, at Hugh Riley's, 202 Centre street, and the final deposit of $100 a side is to be put up at Phil Clare's, on the 20th of April, when the men will come to some conclusion about the place of fighting.

JOHNNY MACKEY IN PITTSBURGH.—DEAR CLIPPER: While war, on a large scale, is being waged in other parts of the land, we are not free from minature presentments that sometimes favor "seaboard" places and cities of greater note. We cannot boast of the gilded saloons, flashing with light and crowded with the fancy, but still the manly art of self-defence is nourished here, and needs but little encouragement to become an institution, notwithstanding the magisterial frowns of our present Mayor, who, probably on account of the coming election, or some other not very remote cause, looks with severity upon the "immoral sports." What was to be done? It was not yet time for regattas, or out-door exercise of any kind, and even if it was, there is a very poor prospect of any the coming season. But the womb of time always brings forth something new. Johnny Mackey, at the last hour, brings his energies into play, and the result is a new sporting and sparring house called the Sportman's Hall, on the corner of Third and Wood streets, opposite the St. Charles Hotel. He has garnished the walls with correct likenesses and photographs of prominent sporting men, and has two large rooms directly over his saloon—one for sparring, and the other for giving lessons to all who wish to know how to handle their "bunch of fives." From fifteen to twenty are already on his list, and he has every reason to believe that he will have all that he can accommodate, for a teacher of the "art" was very much needed in Pittsburgh. Saturday evening he gives a grand exhibition, and although he only opened last Saturday week, the crowded state of the room showed the interest that was taken. Lying back quietly, taking items, I noticed several of the "upper ten," and no less personages than Hamill, our champion sculler, and Con Orem, the Colorado champion, seated together, Con having arrived in the afternoon, which was heralded all over the city before he had been here more than a few hours. He looks well and hearty, and intends getting up a benefit, provided the authorities permit him. I would like to see Con succeed, for I know the boys would assist in giving him a "rouser."

Johnny has made many friends since his *debut* here, and I hope he will succeed in his new enterprise. Should any of the New York Boys come along this way, he would be happy to see them at his rooms. Should anything new come off I will endeavor to keep you posted. SPORT.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., April 10.

THE LAZARUS AND DALY FIGHT.—If the report of the fight between these two men is correct, we should judge that there has been some gouging. Lazarus seems to have had the best of the fight, and the decision of the referee that he acted foul in slipping down while clinched, shows that that official did not understand his business. In the first place, the judges not having disagreed on the point, the referee had no say in the matter; when judges or umpires disagree, *then* the referee decides the matter submitted to him. The men being clinched, Lazarus violated no rule in slipping down while in the arms of his adversary, and we cannot understand how the referee came to decide as he did. At the close of the fight, Lazarus, according to the report, looked all over the winner, and, had no outside interference taken place, he must, barring accident, have gained the victory. However, we can understand the case more fully when other reports reach us.

The telegraphic dispatch announcing that Lazarus was the winner, needs some explanation. Mr. Izzy Lazarus received it in proper form from the telegraph office, and fully believed all it stated, so that he is not to blame in the matter. The error was committed at the other end of the line.

AMERICA AND IRELAND.—IRELAND'S SUFFERING POOR.—A grand pugilistic tournament will be given at Hoym's Theatre, in the Bowery, on Thursday, 16th of April, for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland. It will beyond a doubt turn out the greatest sparring exhibition held in this city for years. Whether you go or not, a dollar for a ticket in such a case will never be missed, and we hope to be able to report that thousands of tickets have been disposed of. The sparring will be by the first men of the country, and this is the programme:—John Morrissey and Prof. Ottignon, McCoole and Joe Coburn, Hastings and Clare, Izzy Lazarus and James Kelly, B. Aaron and D. Kerrigan, J. Aaron and J. Roche, Dorsey and Donnelly, Trainor and Monaghan, and Geoghegan and Robinson. As this will be the only opportunity of seeing McCoole and Coburn together, nobody ought to miss it. A band will be in attendance. Tickets of admission one dollar, to be had of Wm. Hastings, 208 Centre street, and at the door of the theatre.

BOXING IN BROOKLYN.—A display of the manly art was given at Temperance Hall, Fulton street, Brooklyn, on the evening of April 7, for the benefit of Mike Trainer and Jerry Conklin. Too much cold water outside, in the shape of rain, kept very many from gaining the inside of Temperance Hall on the evening in question, who lost quite a treat, for some good sparring was exhibited. Uncle Bill Tovee introduced the boys in the following order:—1. Young Berrigan and Dick Hollywood—a first rate display of fistic science, in which Berri. gave it to Dick, and Dick eloquently responded. 2. Fitz of Providence and Macarty of Cincinnati, in which Fitz gave his opponent considerable fitz, and knocked him down into the bargain. Mac was game, however, and stuck to his man like wax, making a good but rather heavy set-to of it. 3. McCaffrey and Walker. A good and fair exchange of hits. 4. Tommy Meakin and Billy Dwyer—none of your soft taps about this, but regular go in and win style; in fact, an out-and-out fight. Somebody said "they must be irate," but we guess not, for they know how to hit hard and keep cool at the same time; they are high raters with the gloves though. 5. Millage Cornell and Charley Walker—O. K. as usual, and deservedly praised. 6. The wind up between the beneficiaries, who did not spare each other on the score of friendship, but pitched right in, and showed an they knew of the science, which is not a little. The audience were delighted, and manifested their commendation of the affair most audibly and frequently. Father Tovee said grace at the close of the proceedings, and all hands retired anything else but tired of the show.

BETTING ON THE COBURN AND MCCOOLE FIGHT.—If Jack Looney, of St. Louis, is a McCoole man, I will bet him $25, $50, or $100, on the result of the fight for the American championship. If he does not accept, it is open for Billy Carroll, or any other St. Louis man. Let them answer at once, and I will send my money to the CLIPPER office, Frank Queen to be stakeholder. The bet to be decided as the battle money goes.

HARTFORD, Conn. JIM COBURN.

JOE COBURN IN TRAINING.—Coburn and his trainers, while taking their long morning walk on the 13th, directed their steps as far as the CLIPPER office. Joe looks as though he is doing some hard work, the loose flesh about his face and hands having almost entirely disappeared. One of our reporters will visit Joe at his training quarters, at McComb's Dam, this week, and the report of his observations will be given in our next.

LIVELY TIMES AMONG THE SPORTS.—The present bids fair to be a lively week among the sports, there being a wrestling match and several sparring exhibitions on the tapis, all of which will be recorded in the next issue of the CLIPPER.

MERRY MILLERS.—All the lovers of a good mill and milling have not left Colorado Territory, although their champion, Con Orem, is in this section of the country. Corroborative of this, we find the following "paragram" in the Denver City *Commonwealth*:—"The bully boys are on the *qui vive*, in anticipation of rare sport on the occasion of the "mill" to come off on the 8th of April, between Jimmy Rafle and James McDonough. Due announcement will be made of the time and place. We don't know any of McDonough's fighting qualities, but for quick hitting, activity, and grit, we'll almost go our bottom dollar on "Shot gun," at a venture."

BARNEY AARON AND JOHNNY AARON IN BROOKLYN.—These clever light weights take their first benefit in Brooklyn on Tuesday evening, April 17, at Temperance Hall, late Burtis's Varieties, corner of Fulton and Pineapple streets. All the talent will assist. Barney and Johnny give the wind up. Tickets, only 25 cents.

A PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER took place in Elizabeth, N. J., on the 4th, between a man rejoicing in the cognomen of Kangaroo Bill, of that place, and another named Cann, of Rhy. Eighteen rounds are said to have been fought in forty minutes, Bill coming off victor.

JERRY DONAVAN had a benefit at Sportsman's Hall, St. Louis, Mo., on the 4th inst. Jerry is soon to start for Canada, to be present at the McCool and Coburn fight.

TRAP SHOOTING.—A BACK OUT.—On Friday, April 3d, a match at pigeon shooting between Mr. W. Mountain, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Johnson, of New Jersey, was to have come off at Pennypacker's, Nicetown, for $250 a-side, $40 forfeit. Mr. Johnson was sick or otherwise indisposed, and did not appear, and the forfeit was taken possession of by Mr. Mountain. A good party of "sports" were present, and finally a match was made on the spot between Mr. Taylor, of New York, and Mr. Mountain. Messrs. W. Carson, M. Bodine, and Capt. Horner, of Chester, were judges. The preliminaries were settled as follows:—To shoot at twenty-two birds each; twenty-one yards rise; eighty yards bounds; 1¼ounce shot; each man to pull his own string. The following is the score of the judges:—

Taylor .....0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0—11
Mountain .....0 1 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1 1 1 1—15

Mr. Mountain obtained the victory, winning the match by four birds.

RACKETS.—A number of the "old sports" got on the racket at the Manhattan Court, 384 Bowery, on the 10th inst., and got their hands well in. Harry Venn, the venerable, secedes from the boss-ship of the establishment, and thus saith report, Seth M. Carpenter superintends the building and the handling of the tools, so the prospects are that we shall continue to have *plane* sailing, and no *gouging* or *chiseling* will be *tacked* on to the public *board*. This *augurs* well for things to be on the *square*.

THE WRESTLING MATCH collar and elbow, first fall to decide the contest, for $1000, between Harry Hill and Lieut. Ainsworth, takes place on Tuesday of this week, at 8 P. M., at Mozart Hall, in Broadway, opposite Bond street. Other attractions are also advertised, and all who make up their minds to go, will, n doubt, in investing their fifty cents, get *quid pro quo*.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

MOVEMENTS, BUSINESS, AND INCIDENTS OF THE THEATRICAL, CIRCUS, MUSICAL, AND MINSTREL PROFESSION.

OUR LETTER BOX.

We have letters for Miss Julia Daly, Mr. C. Lavallee, Mrs. R. D. Palmer, Geo. Holman, P. Antonio, Wm. Armstrong, Mad. Anna Bishop, C. A. Shaw, G. H. O'Hara, Washington H. Donaldson, H. Whilbeck, W. A. Rouse, Harry Leslie, G. E. Boniface, Mrs. Susan P. Whipple Myers, Charles Rivers, G. A. Hough, H. Tenney, and C. L. Treat.

CITY SUMMARY.

TO THE PROFESSION.

☞ The CLIPPER is the great organ of the dramatic and show profession, and our desire is and ever has been to make this department not only useful to the profession, but interesting to the general reader. Through the medium of our little sheet, therefore, the profession can learn the whereabouts and business of each other. Drop us a playbill, a newspaper, a line or two of the movements of yourselves and those associated with you, so that they may reach us by Saturday, or Monday, at the latest, and the items furnished will appear in that week's issue of the CLIPPER, which is forwarded to agents throughout the country early on Tuesday morning of each week. We charge nothing for recording the movements of our friends, neither do we ask or seek favors of any kind for so doing. We wish to continue the CLIPPER as a reliable organ for the benefit of the profession, and thereby extend the sphere of its usefulness.

MONDAY April 13, '63.

Things look exceedingly lively in the city, and the greenbacks are circulating as freely as Abraham could desire. Those who have not the full-grown currency, are flush with the juvenile postals, and everybody is scattering them as if they had only to go to the printing office for a fresh supply. Business is certainly looking up, and the beautiful weather we have had for several days makes the public look "gay and happy." Amusements continue to flourish, there being a score or more of theatres and music halls now in full blast, and nearly all doing well. We have Italian and high Dutch opera at the Academy of Music, in Irving Place, and we have a species of low Dutch opera and dramatics at the German theatres, and "Volks Gartens," in the Bowery. We have also French theatricals at Niblo's Saloon. Why not give us, at the same time, a pure and simple Irish dramatic institution. In addition to the places above enumerated, we have Niblo's, Laura Keene's, the Winter Garden, the New Idea, Wallack's, American Theatre, New Bowery, old Bowery, Barnum's moral Lecture Room, with class meetings for the sisters on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons; then there's Wood's and Bryants' Minstrels, and a host of other places that we cannot call to mind. All we want now is a circus, or something of that sort, to make the list complete; and it is likely we'll have one here sometime in May, as we saw Dan Rice in town the other day, and he looked as though he had been "reconnoitering," with a view to an "early movement." Managers are arriving in the city to make arrangements for a summer campaign in various parts of the country, and circus people are coming and going continuously, New York being the centre of attraction to show people, and all others who contribute to our enjoyment. It may not be out of place, in this connection, to inform our readers, that "all is quiet along the Rappahannock," consequent upon a "vigorous prosecution of the war," and that "Fighting Joe Hooker" continues to draw his weekly rations of rain and mud.

Immense houses now rule at the American, 444 Broadway, for a truly excellent bill of fare is nightly provided, and some of the best performers in the business are engaged here. The Melville Family give a splendid display of gymnastics, and receive, as they merit, the heartiest commendations. Collins, whom we recently noticed, is also a favorite here. In fact, the entire troupe is deserving of "honorable mention," the girls especially, to whom we "tender renewed assurances of our regard." An extraordinary novelty is underlined at this house. An evening can be very pleasantly passed at the American.

"The Perfect Cures" are to be at Bryants' this week, and all who wish to be cured of the blues are requested to appear in *propria personæ*, or by proxy, if they can't get away, and all your ills will soon be healed. Front seats reserved for superannuated Brigadier Generals, their wives, widows, orphans, and other offspring. Go early, or the Brigs. will "occupy the house in force."

"Welcome" is the illuminated greeting which attracts the eye of the visitor to the "New Idea," on Broadway. Messrs. Fox & Curran have displayed a great deal of taste in fitting up this establishment. Their entertainments have been witnessed by a large number of ladies, contrary to the prognostications of some of our theatrical friends. Chiriski, the great wire performer, is still at this house, as is also Miss Allinson, the popular vocalist. An entirely new card is to be introduced this week, in the person of Mr. O. Wentworth, pronounced the "most wonderfully formed man in the world," as the bills inform us.

A sort of laughing-gas, old folks, and dwarf combination, has been formed, and the happy family looks as if Barnum had them in tow. There's Dr. Colton, who does the gassy business; Com. Nutt is a terrible example of what the gas accomplishes; and Father Reed and his quartette sing their title clear to a share of the profits. It's an odd mixture of curiosities, and might be made still more attractive by the addition of the "What Is It?" They show at the Cooper Institute occasionally.

Miss Heron closed her performances of Lady Edith, at Niblo's, on the 11th, after a run of two weeks to really fine business. This week she will appear in her great sensation play of Camille, which first brought this lady so prominently to public notice. No doubt it will draw well. Manager Wheatley has arranged with Mr. Collins, the Irish comedian, for the early production of John Brougham's "The Duke's Motto," now being performed at Mr. Fechter's Lyceum, London.

G. L. Fox, Bihin, the giant, and Jackson Haines, the skater, were the principal attractions at the Old Bowery, last week, and the business done was very fair.

Our Irish friends should not omit visiting MacEvoy's Panorama of Ireland, now exhibiting at Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway. The beautiful scenery of old Ireland is truthfully illustrated on ten thousand feet of canvas, and the Misses Kate, Marie, and Theresa MacEvoy, illustrate the pictorial illustrations by singing the gems of "Moore's Melodies."

Miss Western now has the field to herself with East Lynne, this being the fourth week since she first introduced it to our notice at the Winter Garden. There is no denying the fact that her rendition of the leading character draws forth tears in abundance from the female portion of her auditors; and even men are to be seen chasing the starting tear drop away. Miss Western has accomplished wonders in taking the position she now occupies among the Broadway establishments, and attracting good business in the face of heavy opposition. This evening is set apart for her benefit.

Don't forget the benefit to the destitute sick wives and children of absent and deceased soldiers, to take place at the New Idea, on the 17th inst. Its only a quarter to see the entertainment, and all who can spare that amount should contribute to a worthy object.

A female fiddler—Camilla Urso is her name, and New York is her station—will give a concert here on the 21st inst.

The fine weather of last week attracted large numbers of ladies and their attendants to see and hear Wood's Minstrels, at their beautiful establishment, where even the little feathered warblers help to make music all the night. The programme for the present week is replete with many gems of minstrelsy, and many novelties in the way of Ethiopian eccentricities. Among the features are "R. R. E., or Too Fast for Safety," "Talent Appreciated," "Damon and Pythias," etc. The talent at Wood's temple is well appreciated, judging by the applause nightly bestowed upon the entertainments.

John H. Meech, manager of the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, arrived in town last week, and is negotiating with stars for the summer season shortly to commence at his theatre.

There's a lot of Indians on show at Barnum's Museum, but the people do not seem to be greatly taken with them, the recent torture and butchery of helpless women and children in Minnesota being yet fresh in their memory.

Laura Keene's connection with the theatre bearing her name is fast drawing to a close. Laura has lost her hold in this city, we should infer, for her business the past two seasons has been poor. Her right hand man in front of the house has made the place many enemies; and Laura, herself, seems to be a little severe, at times, with her people on the stage. The public are never slow in ascertaining these things, and when they let a place "severely alone," down goes the house. In front, a man should be at least courteous and respectful; it don't set a place back any; and overbearing conduct behind the curtain towards employees, will come back some day to those who "hold the balance of power" now. The managing team at Laura Keene's are taking the back track. Mr. Blake announces his last appearance at this theatre for the 16th inst. Laura comes on again this week, having been "indisposed" since our last.

Miss Parker, late of the Bianchi Opera Troupe, in California, arrived here on the 8th inst., from San Francisco. We presume she will shortly give our citizens an opportunity to judge of her abilities as a vocalist.

The building on Broadway formerly known as the Art Union Concert Saloon, was sold at auction on the 10th, for $66,000, to Mr. Charles Foster.

The Christy will case was up again in the Court last week, and again postponed. It would be well if the two Mrs. Christys were to make a compromise, and keep out of Court. It would prevent a good deal of scandal.

The spectacular drama of Satanas—the Le Diable Amourenx of Sterling Coyne—now being played at the New Bowery, is in many respects highly creditable to the management of brother Lingard. Certainly, as far as the scenery is concerned, it compares most favorably with the Niblo representations; the finale being decidedly superior. Indeed, nothing better, in the way of scenic effects, has been produced on the metropolitan stage this season, and considering what has been done in the way of scenic displays, that is saying a good deal. We dropped in on Saturday night, 11th, took an orchestra, and on glancing around, found the house literally crowded from pit to dome. It was a "bully good house," and no mistake; and if the other nights of the week are on a par with it, the greenbacks must be pouring in pretty plentifully. We were glad to note the fact, for we always like to see an energetic and liberal management succeed. Critical comment on the acting of those taking part in spectacular plays is something we do not think just as a general thing, for everything has to give way to the production of effective tableaux, and inconsistencies are necessarily frequent, the scenic effects being the important point. But as far as the characters would admit of any creditable efforts, we think Mrs. Boniface is entitled to the most praise, her rendition of the part of the Countess Floribella being very spirited and effective. Boniface, too, was good as the Devil, and Miss Denham and Mrs. Jones enacted their characters well, the latter appearing to great advantage at times. The others were but so so. The Fairy Queen, by the way, did double duty, having to act the part of Giacomo's grandmother, in which she is required to spank her grandson—Geo Brooks—and the energetic manner in which she proceeded to act on the extremities of the youth brought down the house. Singularly enough, her *entree* as the Fairy Queen was attended with the same difficulties as those that marked the appearance of the Fairy Queen at Niblo's, the machinery not working well in either instance. We missed the delightful vocalism that was the feature of the Niblo version, and likewise the great dancing of the *corps de ballet*, only one song being introduced into the Bowery play—well sung, however, by Miss Denham—and but one ordinary dance, for the comic *pas de deux* was not worthy the name of a dance. Take it altogether, leaving out the vocalism and ballet dancing of the play at Niblo's, we would just as soon see the New Bowery representation as the other, and in the way of scenic effects, the latter is well worth a visit, if there were no other attractions. The spectacle was received with such immense favor last week, that the manager announces it for repetition during the current week. That last scene, probably the most magnificent ever placed on the stage, is alone worth the price charged for admission.

On Monday, April 6th, there was presented for the first time, at Laura Keene's, a new Irish drama entitled "Bantry Bay, or Ireland in 1798." The period of the drama is that of the days of the great rebellion, and its production at this time was doubtless intended to get hold of a little of the Hibernian patronage that seems to be floating around in the great Metropolitan tide. If this was the object in view, it has failed, for the attendance from the first night has been meagre in the extreme. From the sublime to the ridiculous is about a fair meaning of the change made from "Jessie McClane" to "Bantry Bay," the one being a neat, ably-written, creditably-acted, and well-presented drama, worthy of the best metropolitan management; and the other a production that in all respects, almost, would bring discredit upon a second rate provincial theatre. In fact, it is one of those hastily written-and-put-together affairs that are sometimes presented on the stage of the Bowery theatres by way of making some sort of contrast and change in the nightly programme. It is a mere dramatic daub, as it were, with the high colors laid on thick, and entirely devoid of artistic drawing or consistent arrangement. We really felt regret to see such an artist as Blake wasting his dramatic fragrance on such desert air as Bantry Bay affords. As for Miss Eytinge, so limited were the means afforded her in this drama of displaying her evident histrionic talent, that we forbear from making any comment on her rendition of the character assigned to her, beyond stating that she did the best she could with it. Peters surprised us a little as the Irish Innkeeper. He has identified himself so much with English characters, that we had no idea he could do near so well in the Barney Williams business as he did. Miss Nickenson shone a little in the first act; and Wheatleigh, though evidently out of his element, succeeded in acting his part well. Succeeding such a play as Jessie McClane, the drama of Bantry Bay appears in a far worse light than it otherwise might have done. By the way, we see that Laura and her traveling company find it necessary by public statements over the signatures of the parties implicated, to relieve themselves from the odium attached to the report of mean conduct towards the late and lamented Emma Taylor. Whether this report has had any effect in lessening the attendance at the Keene Theatre or not, we cannot say; but *certes* there has been a sad falling off of late of the influx of greenbacks into the treasury, and the production of such plays as Bantry Bay is not likely to improve matters.

We dropped in at Wallack's, on Thursday night, April 9th, to see the new comedy entitled "My Noble Son-in-law," and we have to say in relation to it, that a more trashy production, in a literary point of view, has never been placed upon the stage of Wallack's Theatre. In fact, but for the fine acting of the artists cast in the piece, and the admirable stage appointments, it would scarcely be tolerated through a single act, by any appreciative audience. Plot it has none, it being a mere representation of a few of the ordinary events in English fashionable life, such as the marriage of a spendthrift nobleman into the family of a parvenue millionaire, who, at the same time that he advocates liberal views in bringing down his superiors to his level, is snobbishly aristocratic in his aspirations, and especially Englishly selfish and money worshipping in his character. The nobleman, too, is held up as a pattern of his class; as one feeling alive to the preservation of his "honor," as far as the fashionable definition of the word is concerned, but totally indifferent to a proper observance of that true integrity which characterizes the morally honorable man; inasmuch as while strictly punctilious in reference to the code duello, he regards a liason with a married woman as something quite in his line of business, and marrying her money, another equally "noble" and honorable act. But the whole play is inconsistent, and unworthy the class of dramas that Mr. Wallack has hitherto marked his management with. As regards the rendition of the various characters of the play, we have scarcely anything but high praise to award to all. Mrs. Hoey acted and dressed the character assigned her to perfection. In the latter respect, she is a perfect model artist for the fashionable world, her exceeding great taste in dress being the beau ideal, if we may so express it, of feminine attire. Gilbert's Tompkins was a truly artistic piece of acting, his representation of the selfish, "shoppy" nobility, toadying Englishman, being a life-like one in all respects. Lester's capital rendering of the part of Lord De Vere, too, was in accordance with his usual ability, but his make up in the opening scene was not as artistic as it might be; that blue dressing-gown looked as if wrong side out. Young was capital as the French cook; indeed, this artist does everything he attempts, with credit; he is rapidly becoming popular in consequence. Mark Smith, as Wilkins, acted well his part, as did Fisher, too. The opening scene was one of the most perfect representations of a parlor we have ever seen on the stage; indeed, every scene was of that degree of excellence that is peculiar to Wallack's, the stage appointments being truly first class in every respect. We can speak in very praiseworthy terms of the excellence of the compositions played by the orchestra. As selections, they were not marked with the ability of the "Baker method" of doing up these operatic pieces. Mr. Stoepel can do far better than he did on this occasion, if he will try. The production of this piece, and the reception it met with, illustrates the advantages to be derived from having an able stock company and admirable stage appointments, in bringing out new dramas. We do trust that "My Noble Son-in-law" will not be permanently located in the Wallack repertoire of standard dramas.

In opera matters, we have had the production of the grand opera, in five acts, entitled "Ione, or The Last Days of Pompeii," composed by Petrella, a Neapolitan composer of considerable merit. The plot is taken from Bulwer's novel, and follows the story pretty closely. The opening performances were very successful, both as regards the attendance and reception of the opera. There are some decided gems in the opera, but also some similar musical defects to those so frequent in Verdi's operas. By the way, we regret to notice a falling off in the excellence that characterized the production of the first two or three operas under the Maretzek management. We have no doubt Max would—if he could afford it—characterize every operatic effort with the same regard for completeness of appointments, &c., that marked the opening of his repertoire, but the fact is, it "don't pay," and that fact is disgraceful to the patrons of the opera in this country. His Brooklyn experiment failed entirely, on this account; the promised and much-lauded excellence that marked Max's first few nights' performances, being not on the programme at the Brooklyn Academy presentations. The fact is, managing the opera in the United States is what Sam Slick would call "a pesky risky operation." In Europe, and in Mexico and Cuba, the managers of the opera either receive a government subsidy, or are insured from actual loss by their experiments. But here, the opera, if it succeeds, barely pays a dividend of ten per cent., and if it fails, it is a dead loss to the unfortunate impressario. From the results of some of the experiments made at the New York Academy, the following conclusions have been drawn:—

Expenses of one good operatic representation	$1,600
Receipts of one good operatic representation (average)	1,200
Excess of outlay over income	$400

Now, carry this calculation through a season of twenty nights, and a loss of $8,000 is the result. This is enough to startle the most enterprising manager, and "give him pause" ere he proceeds in any such undertaking. Just think of having to foot the bills of the following interesting items of expenses:—To Madame Medori, $3,000; to M'lle Sulzer, $1,000; to M'lle Ortolani Brignoli, $1,000; to Signor Mazzoleni, $2,000; to Signor Bellini, $1,000; and to Signor Biachi, $1,000; the above being monthly payments, made with all the risks of the numerous "indispositions" these artists are so prone to.

DRAMATIC.

The Howard Athenæum, Boston, under the lesseeship of Mr. Henry Willard, will be opened on the 11th of May, with Mr. J. D. Bradley as stage-manager. Mr. Bradley was formerly manager of the Louisville Theatre, and at present is at the Arch, Philadelphia. He is well known to the profession as a prompt business man, and in his new undertaking, will, we hope, turn out to be "the right man in the right place."

Mr. F. S. Chanfrau will open the new season at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mr. Henry Willard, lessee, on the 11th of May, when will be produced for the first time in Boston, Charles Gayler's amusing piece entitled "Our American Cousin at Home."

Mr. J. F. Ward was up for a benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, Rochester, on Thursday evening, the 9th inst. The programme was to be "Irish Assurance and Yankee Modesty," and the "Clockmaker's Hat." Mr. Wm. Kehoe, the blind music teacher, and E. Loughlin, jig dancer, were amongst the volunteers, and Johnny Ward promised an Irish jig, between the pieces.

Mr. George Rayfield, lessee and manager of the New Memphis Theatre, Tenn., had a complimentary benefit on the 31st ult., when "Our American Cousin" was presented for the first time in that city. B. R. Maginley was the Asa Trenchard; F. A. Tannehill, Lord Dundreary; and Mrs. F. Graham, the Florence Trenchard. Miss Estelle sang one of her sweet ballads, and the sprightly and versatile little Mrs. Graham danced a fancy dance. The "Wandering Minstrel," with B. R. Maginley as Jem Bags, terminated the evening's performance.

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

Dead head correspondents of our "unreliable Sunday contemporary" are very profuse in praise of people when they are not "headed off" by doorkeepers, but when their free admissions are curtailed, they are, in their own estimation, *terribly* severe. A gentleman in Pittsburgh, writes to us to say, that "a Pittsburgh correspondent of the 'unreliable sheet,' who writes under the *nom de plume* of a Latin phrase, signifying 'great good,' and whose writings can be compared to 'sounding brass and tinkling trumpets,' takes every opportunity of denouncing the different places of amusement in this city, the theatre especially. 'No actors or actresses that favor us with their presence are new.' *He has seen them all, 'and more too,' in the East.* His particular hostility to the theatre arises from the discontinuance of his *pass*, by the manager, along with several other 'hangers on,' neither of whom are useful or ornamental to the establishment, and not having the *entree*, writes derisively of what he has not seen."

Neafie, who recently concluded an engagement of six nights at the Pittsburgh Theatre, was not very well patronised, barely paying expenses. This was partially owing to the inclemency of the weather; and it being the Lenten season, the attention of many of the patrons of the drama was engaged in the observance of it. "Occasional" says—"The theatre's stock company is becoming rather slim in numbers, and Manager Henderson must recruit his forces. Miss Anna Eberle is the leading lady, and her rendition of characters gives general satisfaction to the playgoers."

Business throughout California continued in a very unsettled condition at last advices, March 14th.....The dramatic company of Sacramento have gone into the interior towns, and with this exception there was scarcely a theatre in operation outside of San Francisco. A correspondent says:—"I believe that if the old Roman banner, S P Q R—Salaries Paid Quite Regular—should be brought out upon the stage by any old actor, the managers would have it arrested for infamous libel, and the actors would all appear as important witnesses.....The Italian opera troupe have all got hoarse in endeavoring to amuse the people here.....Potter's company is still at Victoria; the clams along the beach have all been eaten up, and at last accounts the snow balls were sharing the same fate.....Should you hear of any stars coming this way, tell them to pay all their debts before they leave New York. The Can't Get Away Club in this State is large."

In Dubuque, Iowa, dramatic performances have been given by Mr. Geo. Hale's company, and the business has been quite good, the company being attractive, and outside business properly attended to. The Clinetop twins, who are attached to the company, are favorably mentioned by the Dubuque press, and their dancing well spoken of generally. The company will probably open in Davenport, Iowa, this week, and then go to Keokuk, Quincy, and Peoria, Ill, and then cross to Iowa once more. Chas. J. Fyffe is the stage manager.

The Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, under the management of John H. Meech, will commence its regular dramatic season on the 4th of May. Mr. Meech has secured his stock, but is now negotiating with stars. See advertisement. The season promises well, business generally in Buffalo showing an upward tendency. Last season was one of the most successful ever experienced in Buffalo.

Miss Mary Provost closed a three weeks' engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst. In an editorial notice, the *Evening Journal* says:—"Miss Provost has achieved a most decided success, in the face of obstacles before which less eminent talents and inferior energy would have quailed. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the unpropitious nature of the season, (Passion Week intervening,) the houses have been uniformly remunerative—some of them crowded beyond comfort." Miss Provost will open at the St. Louis Theatre on the 20th; and at the Boston Museum, May 11th.

During his recent engagement at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Mr. Neafie was almost daily assailed by the critic of the *Times*, of that city. Mr. Neafie, like all men, may have his faults, but the wholesale condemnation by the *Times* was undeserved. A correspondent intimates, as the great cause of these assaults, that the editor was refused a complimentary for his family, on the ground that eleven individuals from the *Times* establishment were already admitted free, and the dead head system could be extended no farther. It is but right and proper that such things should be made public, in order that the player may be placed in a correct position. It is too often the case that performers are assailed because some wholesale "dead head" privileges are denied the press. Out upon such critics, say we.

Yankee Robinson was the card at the Pittsburgh Theatre last week. He opened on the 6th inst., as Darius Dutton, in the "Days of '76," supported by Messrs. C. Foster, F. Chippendale, H. B. Hudson, D. G. Smythe, Ogden, Seymour, and the Misses Eberlee and Lizzie Gillet. We learn that he remains there the present week.

Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams had possession of the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, four nights during the past week, and the business they did was immense, if that word is sufficient to give an adequate idea of it. They must have drawn the greenbacks out of the citizens of that place by thousands. The receipts of the first night's performance were $1442 25; and on the second appearance of the popular pair, the receipts amounted to $1434 75. The subsequent nights were equally remunerative, the receipts being $1390, and $1468 75; the seats being nearly all bought up at an early hour in the day. Some of the people from Laura Keene's Theatre assisted in the performances, and we believe Mr. Lutz was interested in the speculation. We presume when Barney shows again in Brooklyn, he will go it alone. We never saw such a crowd in the building as there was on the 10th; not even standing room could be obtained, from whence a view of the stage could be had. The attractions lay entirely in the acting of Barney and his wife, for the accessories were of the Brooklyn Academy style, poor and meagre in the extreme, and the orchestra was abominable. Verily, our church-loving neighbors of Brooklyn like a bit of fun as well as worldly folks. Just to think of it—the receipts for four nights reaching $5735 75! and that, too, in the "City of Churches." Early in May, Mr. and Mrs. Williams will give a couple of performances there, to accommodate the many who were unable to see those given last week.

They are not much on the "dramatic temple" at the Sandwich Islands. A correspondent in Boston, "Young America," who recently returned from Honolulu, says that place can boast of one theatre, styled "The Royal Hawaiian Theatre," and a royal affair it is, too. Nearly every window in the building is broken, and instead of being repaired, the rents are stuffed with old rags. In this royal temple, their royal nibs, the King and Queen, have a box, as also all of the nobility.(?) It is well ventilated, as the gentle reader may judge. And that is about the extent of the drama in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence are to appear in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., April 20th, under Jarrett's management.

The National Theatre, Cincinnati, Ohio, now closed under the Fuller regime, has been leased by Messrs. Dorval & Co., who will open it on the 27th of April, for minstrel, ballet, and pantomime entertainments. See the lessees' advertisement in this No. of the CLIPPER.

Vestvali, the "magnif.," arrived in Boston on the 5th inst., from Europe. Report says she is not so "magnif." now as she was when first she appeared in this country.

Miss Ettie Henderson is now looked for here, on her return from Europe.

Miss Kate Reignolds is to make her last appearance at the Boston Museum, on the 25th inst., on the occasion of a complimentary benefit tendered her by some of the prominent citizens of Boston. Miss Reignolds intends to travel for the remainder of the season, and will probably visit New York.

Yankee Robinson is in his second week at the Pittsburgh Theatre. He is to open in Indianapolis on the 4th of May, and start the "Great Triad" soon after.

Miss Julia Daly finished her two weeks at the St. Louis Theatre on the 4th inst.; the business during her term was fair. Her benefit took place on the 3d. She was followed on the 6th by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, who opened in Peep O'Day Boys.

Miss Emily Thorne had a very good week of it at the Holliday, Baltimore, and her benefit, on the 10th, attracted a crowded house. The bill was the Daughter of the Regiment, and Married Life, with Miss Thorne and Mr. C. B. Bishop in the leading parts. Miss Thorne remains this week. The Naiad Queen is still in preparation.

Mr. Edwin Forrest closed his long engagement at the New Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 10th inst. We know of no actor that can run an engagement successfully half so long as Mr. Forrest runs his, although it may be proper to observe that Mr. Forrest's performances during this last engagement did not attract a continued series of large houses. Sometimes business was good, but on several occasions the houses were shy. Mr. F. will rest for a little while before appearing again.

Grau sings his opera troupe in Baltimore this week, after closing in Philadelphia on the 13th. The season in Philadelphia was a failure.

Mr. Bandmann, the German actor, finished his performances at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, on the 11th inst. He was only moderately successful, and his Shylock was better received than his Narcisse.

John S. Clarke did a fair week's business at the Walnut, Philadelphia, since our last. He closed on the 11th, and gives place to Miss Kate Denin. Mr. Sam Ryan joins the lady on the 14th, appearing as Barney the Baron.

Carter's benefit, at the Denver City Theatre, C. T., on the 26th March, was a remunerative one, and, in the language of an exchange, "the pieces were well brought out."

John Owens brought his regular engagement at the Howard, Boston, to a close on the 11th inst., but resumes his performances for four nights this week, delaying his departure for Cincinnati. Our good friends of the "Hub" seem to have been greatly delighted by the clever John's personation of Dimple in the comedy of "Leap Year," and other parts in which he shines with a special light, not forgetting Tony Lumpkin and Dr. Ollapod.

The Hernandez Ravel Troupe commence a re-engagement at the Boston Theatre this (Monday) evening, the 13th inst. The local journals complain of a lack of success, last week, although at variance with the merit of the company, for which we hope better fortune during the present.

Mr. Marshall announces that he has entered into an engagement, or entirely new dramatic enterprise, to be entitled "Mrs. Barrow's Grand Comedy Combination," to commence on the 20th of April, at the Boston Theatre. Among the clever people who will lend strength to the company, we see the names of Mrs. Barrow herself, W. R. Blake, George Vandenhoff, C. M. Walcott, and Ione Burke. As the title of the organization implies, the standard entertainment will be comedy, in which, it may be justly observed, the ladies and gentlemen indicated above are peculiarly excellent.

Accounts concur in claiming for Mr. Eichberg's new opera, "The Rose of Tyrol," produced last week at the Boston Museum, with Miss Caroline Richings, as the principal feature, the character of a success. Its melodies are said to be graceful and pleasing, while its more elaborate pieces evince the composer's claim to the higher gifts of a harmonist. Writing for the popular ear, however, he has very judiciously spread himself on those pieces which are most consonant with the popular taste. Of Miss Richings, too, it is said that she sings her music with all her heart, and enters into the spirit of her personation in a style to merit the warm eulogiums of her audience. Her purity of tone, delicacy of expression, and sweetness of voice, seem to have imparted to her performance a charm which took the spectators captive. She was well supported by Messrs. Rudolphson and Hill, and others. Monday, the 13th inst., commences the second week of Mr. and Miss Richings' engagement, at the Museum, with "Satanella," the last novelty in English opera. On Saturday, Mr. Eichberg's two operas will be performed, for his own benefit; Miss Richings having hers on the evening preceding.

The event of the season at the St. Louis Theatre was the benefit of T. L. Connor, which took place on the 4th inst. The programme was the Bride of Lammermoor, In and Out of Place, Ethiopian songs, dance by S. S. Purdy, and the Boarding School. The theatre was crowded in every part.

Miss Bateman is the star of the evening this week, at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia, producing for the first time in that city her new play of Leah, with the following cast:—Leah, a Jewish maiden, Miss Bateman; Rudolph, a young German farmer, Mr. J. McCullough; Nathan, an apostate Jew, Mr. J. W. Lanergan; Lorenz, a magistrate, Mr. J. G. Burnett; Father Herman, the village priest, Mr. W. H. Leak; Ludwig, the village barber, Mr. E. Lamb; Jacob, a country youth, Mr. C. H. Wilson; Abraham, Mr. Geo. Andrews; Madalena, Hermann's niece, Mrs. J. H. Allen; Mother Groscher, Mrs. G. Skerrett.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckland had their benefit at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 6th inst., when the Garrison Amateur Society appeared. The pieces performed were the Camp of Chobham, and the Critic, or a Tragedy Rehearsed, the former cast as follows:—Mr. Cadbury, a retired tallow Chandler, Lt. Horne, 16th Regt.; Capt. Damer, 30th Dragoons, Major Lowe, Gr. Gds.; Capt. Rosely, of the Heavies, Lt. Freeman, 16th Regt.; Jones, servant to Capt. Damer, Lt. Littleton, Gr. Gds.; 1st Sapper, Lt. Wickham, R. A.; 2d Sapper, Lt. Taylor, 47th Regt.; Fanny Merrington, Cadbury's niece, Miss Blanche Grey. The following was the cast of the Critic:—Mr. Puff, Lt. Col. Higginson, Gr. Gds.; Mr. Dangle, Col. Lysons, C. B.; Mr. Sneer, Capt. Seymour, Gr. Gds; Lord Burleigh, Lord Abinger, S. F. G.; Sir Walter Raleigh, Lt. Col. Conolly; Gov. of Tilbury Fort, Lt. Col. Hamilton, Gr. Gds.; Earl of Leicester, Lt. Col. Malet, Gr. Gds.; Sir Chris. Hatton, Hon. C. Eliot, Gr. Gds.; Don Whiskerandos, Maj. Lowe, Gr. Gds.; Master of the Horse, Capt. Blair, S. F. Gds.; Beefeater, Lt. Wickham, R. Artillery; 1st Sentinel, Lt. Freeman, 16th Regt.; 2d Sentinel, Capt. Hon. F. Elphinstone, S. F. G.; Prompter, Lt. Jefferson, 16th Regt.; 1st Niece, Lt Taylor, 16th Regt.; 2d Niece, Mr. Elmes, D. A. C. G.; Tilburina, Mrs. Buckland; Confidant, Mrs. Hill.

The Naiad Queen was introduced to the Baltimore public, on the 10th inst., at the Front Street Theatre. Miss Mollie Williams and Miss Addie Proctor were warmly welcomed, along with the Queen.

"The Heretic," a new American play by the late Judge Conrad, will be produced this evening, April 13th, at the Arch, Philadelphia, by Mr. Edwin Adams, who enters upon a star engagement there. The following is the cast of the new play:—Adrian de Teligny (the Huguenot leader), Edwin Adams; Elinor de Teligny (his wife), Mrs. John Drew; Marchioness de Beaumanoir, Mrs. H. Ryner; Dame Louise, Mrs. Stoneall; Raymond, Count de Claremont, Barton Hill; Henri de Villeroi, Mr. Ringgold; Marquis de Beaumanoir, Mr. Wallis; Armand (friend to Adrian), Mr. Craig; Laroche (a bigot), Mr. Seymour.

It is expected that Mr. Junius Brutus Booth, Junr., will leave California within the present month, and come once more among his Boston friends. It is said that Mr. Booth will be the lessee of the new theatre to be erected in Boston, and with which, it is also understood, his two brothers and his brother-in-law, J. S. Clarke, have pecuniary interests. The very circumstance of Mr. Booth leaving California at this time, gives a coloring to this rumor. At all events, he bears a good name to put at the head of any theatre.

It is said that arrangements have been made between Mr. Leonard Grover and Mr. Spaulding, for the erection of a theatre in Washington, on the site of Grover's, at a cost of $23,000, and that the work of demolition of the theatre now standing will commence within sixty days. Laura Keene and her traveling party are up for Mr. Grover's early "cards." With respect to Ford's new theatre, that is rapidly running up, and, it is thought, will be opened in July. The work is quite substantial, and the theatre is reported to be a handsome edifice.

A novelty is announced to be brought out by Mrs. English, on the 11th of May, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, consisting entirely of fine-voiced and well taught children, who sing "Norma," "Somnambula," "Daughter of the Regiment," and other operas, with the most perfect correctness. This juvenile band is known as the Holman Troupe. Much has been said of their success in various parts of the country.

Miss Anderson, formerly of the Boston Museum, has been engaged by Mr. H. Willard, for the Howard.

Joseph Proctor, who was recently acting in New York, has returned to Bird Cottage, Somerville, Mass. Probably a rural retirement is welcome to him, after six weeks' constant excitement over the lamps.

Miss Matilda Heron will be the opening star at Manager Meech's Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, on the 11th of May, the theatre opening for the season on the 4th of May.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Hooley's Minstrels, in Brooklyn, come out with a bran new programme this week, and brother Beecher's tabernacle will suffer in consequence. The laughable sketch entitled "Here She Goes, and There She Goes," is to be reproduced; then we are to have the "Veteran's Return, or the Deserted Village;" "Ten Pin Johnny" also turns up, and the "Four Cacklers" are to cackle the entire week. There will be fun enough and sentiment enough to suit all classes, and Hooley's hall will be well filled while this great programme continues.

The Buckleys are hovering around us again. On the 15th, they show at Williamsburg, L. I., and then jump over New York into Jersey, giving two entertainments in Newark, on the 16th and 17th inst.

Horn & Newcomb's Minstrels appear in Music Hall, New Haven, Ct., April 14th and 15th. The city is well billed with posters, and every effort has been made to ensure full houses.

After leaving Syracuse, N. Y., Campbell's Minstrels went to Oswego, where they are said to have played to two excellent houses on the 2d and 3d. They were at Fulton on the 4th of April; at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 6th, 7th and 8th, where they did a very fine business; they next went to Clyde on the 9th, and Lyons on the 10th, and from there were to proceed to Buffalo.

Rumsey's Minstrels were billed for Syracuse, N. Y., on the 9th and 10th; Geneva, 11th; and open in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on the 13th, for two evenings; and then proceed to Buffalo, opening on the 15th for four nights.

Horn & Newcomb's Minstrels, recently organized, are on the move, and the new comers have recently given several performances in Connecticut, and around those diggings. The company consists of Eph. Horn, W. W. Newcomb, Walter Birch, J. Hilton, J. F. Dunnie, W. H. Lewis, W. T. Emerson, L. H. West, Thos. Simpson, J. H. Kellogg, R. A. Perry, Wm. St. Clair, W. Rice, and Little Bobby. They were at Bridgeport on the 8th, and then went towards Hartford. We have not learned how the band have been received, nor what success they have met with. Here's an extract from their programme:—"Second to none. Superior to all. Minstrelsy, as represented by this troupe, has advanced to prominence and distinction. Resorting to no extraneous puffing or deception, merit alone having won the plume, and not the borrowed mask." Here's what the bill says of Eph. Horn:—"In the first rank of minstrelsy, he stands the great wit and jester, the father of comedy, and originator of funny men. Many vainly try to copy and imitate this great Touchstone of the stage, but all sink into oblivion when even the shadow of Horn appears." And here's what it says of the other proprietor:—"First appearance in two years of the old and well-tried favorite comedian, W. W. Newcomb, having returned from Europe, and while there had the honor of appearing before many of the crowned heads, viz.: the Emperor Napoleon III., Empress Eugenie, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of Sutherland, Prince Frederick William and Princess Royal, Prince Louis of Hesse, King of Belgium and suite, the King of Prussia, and other distinguished members of the nobility." The Dutch were mad because Newcomb's party turned out to be white men in disguise.

Hopper Bros.' Minstrels, Brass Band and Burlesque Opera Troupe, opened in Coldwater, Mich., for three evenings, April 10th, 11th, and 12th. The company consists of twelve performers, viz.: Abe T. Hopper, Jerry Hopper, Chas. Moyatt, Hank Wild, Ed. Smith, Chas. Nichols, Ed. Tophoff, A. G. Miller, Mrs. A. G. Miller, Miss Carrie Walbey, La Petite Josephine, and Mons. Laurent, the gymnast, who performs the daring and difficult act entitled "Tour Terrifique." This is the last season of A. T. Hopper's management, as he retires and takes a wife, in June. A. G. Miller (of Miller's Parlor Opera Troupe) then takes the company and connects it with the Parlor Dramatic and Opera Troupe.

Another new band of minstrels has been organized in Providence, R. I. It is called "Wood's Metropolitan Minstrels,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1863.

TO SUBSCRIBERS, ADVERTISERS, AND OTHERS.

It may have escaped the observation of some, that three weeks since, on account of the extraordinary high price of paper we announced that hereafter the CLIPPER would be, for the time being, sold at Six Cents per copy, instead of four, as heretofore, but that our advertising rates would *remain the same*. For reference, and to facilitate business, we therefore append a schedule of rates:—

Single copy of the Clipper.6cts	Subscription for 6 months.$1 50
To Wholesale Dealers....4cts	Subscription for 3 months. 1 00
To Retail Agents,.....4½cts	Club of Four.....10 50
Subscription, per annum $3 00	Club of Eight.....20 00

In all cases in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion; a liberal deduction, will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication, Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday if possible.

TROTTING THE COMING SEASON.

Trotting is peculiarly an American institution, expressive of the taste of our people, and fully up to the accomplishment of the popular desire. By perseverance, we have extracted our most famed trotters from the best-blooded stock, and by devoting money, time, and close study to the incipient movements of the horse, and every characteristic of action and temper, we have succeeded in raising the finest and fleetest roadsters the world has ever beheld. Lady Suffolk for a long period was the acknowledged queen of the trotting turf, and there were wiseacres not a few, who predicted that 2:26¼ would never be beaten; but the time of the long-striding grey mare has long been classed as second rate. Flora Temple, Ethan Allen, Geo. M. Patchen, Fillingham, Butler, and a host of others almost as noted, have knocked off second after second in public, while we hear almost every day, whisperings of *private time* wonderful, indeed, and we hope that during the coming season the public may be indulged by witnessing some of those marvellous feats, and have the privilege of looking at their own watches; for, with the public, seeing is believing. Rumor says the approaching spring and summer will far surpass all the former ones by its many rivalries for the supremacy on the trotting turf. The note of preparation is already sounding—we learn that the stalls on Long Island are rapidly filling with prominent flyers, and the trainers of that famous locality are eager for the season to open. Patchen, Fillingham, Butler, with a long list of major and minor stars, are on the ground, to be prepared to preserve their good name, perhaps to add new laurels to their fame, and enable us to still further embellish the *American Record of Fast Time*. The Fashion Course, it is said, will take precedence this year, as most of the prominent trots are appointed to come off on that track. The Fashion is an admirable course, accessible from several points of the city; the accommodations are ample, the superintendent all that could be asked for in a landlord—the management, under the control of a club who certainly are wise enough to see their own interest, and we hope will not misinterpret our meaning, when we remind them of the famous Ethan Allen and Flora Temple trot in July, 1861. The crowd present on that occasion have not forgotten *the sell*, and it will take many square, honest races to wipe away the record of that flagrant wrong. This season will give the Fashion ample opportunity to regain its fair fame. The finest trotting stud of the country will probably be on hand to contend for supremacy, and the public will sustain the enterprise, if assured of honesty and fair play. While the trotters are preparing for their public contests, we hear considerable *buzzing* relative to the road teams which the owners delight to *spout* over Harlem Lane. We know what is claimed for the *Ledger team*; we know what splendid time they have made in public on the track; and we are at a loss to divine the cause of the many paragraphs we see in relation to their speed, as compared with Ethan Allen and mate. Ethan Allen and Honest Allen were lately purchased by a gentleman of this city who loves fine horses and has ample means to gratify himself in this expensive luxury; and we presume when he made the purchase, did so, after fully satisfying himself that he was receiving full value for his outlay. He had ample means of ascertaining Ethan's public time, single, and at the pole with Socks. The owner of the Ledger team is opposed to trotting for money, gate money, or even the fun of things; therefore, all these flings at Ethan and mate cannot be thrown out as a banter to try the mettle of the respective teams, or the confidence of the owner. We are satisfied that if a wager were offered, it would be accepted with alacrity. It is claimed that Allen did make 2:19¾ to the pole with a running mate, and it is also claimed that the present team can nearly reach these figures should an opportunity offer to call for the display. Why then should this attempt be made in certain quarters to write the stallions out of reputation, when the owner is ready and willing to test their speed against all comers. We trust he will have the opportunity, if only for the sake of Ethan Allen, who, for some reason to us unknown, has been the best abused horse which ever appeared on the track, scarcely if ever allowed to win, even if he could do so with ease—carted from Maine to New Orleans on a hippodroming tour, and at the latter city worked almost to death; until beaten by nearly every comer, he was finally brought home to recruit. But Ethan has changed hands, and changed for the better, as we think will be demonstrated ere the close of the season, if any of the owners who claim so much for their teams are willing to give the stallions a chance to trot for money or reputation. Either stop writing and talking, gentlemen, or give the public an opportunity to judge for themselves which team is the fleetest.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER ONE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

Born in New York, June 9th, 1792. At thirteen years of age, he was placed in a counting-house in New York; but soon left it for the sanctum, and published a weekly paper called the "Thespian Mirror." He soon after dropped the pen, ink, and scissors, and "he would be an actor;" made his *debut* at the Park Theatre, New York, on the 26th of February, 1809, as Young Norval; first appeared in Boston, April 2d, 1809, as Young Norval, at the Boston Theatre. In 1813, he visited England, and made his *debut* June 4th, on the London stage, as Young Norval.

Was styled the "American Roscius," and received in England with great applause. In 1823-7, he edited in London, the *Opera Glass*, a weekly paper.

Author of the celebrated song, "Home Sweet Home." Returned to New York from England in 1832, and was tendered a "Complimentary Benefit" at the Park Theatre, on the 28th of November; also, a public dinner on the same day. Retired from the stage, and was appointed United States Consul at Tunis, which office he held for some time. Died at Tunis, April 10th, 1852.

He wrote quite a number of dramatic pieces, many of which retain permanent possession of the stage.

MD'LLE TERESA PARODI.

This celebrated prima donna made her *debut* on the American stage in November, 1850, at the Astor Place Opera House, New York; first appeared in Philadelphia, June 1st, 1852, in a grand concert given at Musical Fund Hall. Returned to England June 5th, 1852.

Again visited America in 1856, and gave her first concert Oct. 22d, at the Academy of Music, New York.

MASTER RENTZ.

Was born in Philadelphia, on the 17th of June, 1844, soon after which his parents removed to Trenton, N. J., where he remained until he was nearly seven years of age. At this age he evinced a remarkable precocity in music, readily finding harmony in almost any musical instrument presented to him, singing all the popular ballads of the day, which he learned by hearing them sung by others, in a style that so much attracted the attention of a manager of a traveling concert troupe, that an engagement was immediately sought and effected, for four weeks only, which was the period of his school vacation; instead, however, of returning the boy at the end of that time, he was retained for seventeen months, during which period he visited most of the Western, Middle, and Southern States. Everywhere he was made *the* feature of the company, and received the most unbounded applause and praise from the public and the press.

Soon after his return, his parents were prevailed upon to engage him with a band connected with a circus company, with which he traveled two years, evincing the same skill in that capacity as he had previously in his singing. After that, he was connected with Perham's Opera Troupe, at the disbandment of which, he engaged with various companies, being employed most of the time. When on a visit to Boston, he engaged with a new company of Ethiopian minstrels, who were then giving exhibitions in Horticultural Hall. Soon after his advent with this company, owing to the immense crowds attracted to hear the boy, who was spoken of by the press as a phenomenon, a larger hall had to be obtained.

He is really a marvel, and is regarded with astonishment and listened to with delighted admiration by all lovers of a fresh, true, and melodious voice; he sings with good command of modulation, and just accent. In concerted passages, he easily soars over the whole body of harmony, and brings out a flood of tone with the seeming ease of a "Bettini."

MRS. D. S. PALMER (the 2d).

Maiden name Lizzie Steele; was born in Philadelphia, in 1832. In 1846, her father moved to Boston to fulfill an engagement at the Museum. Miss Lizzie made her appearance at the Museum as Miss Stuart, and, from her having a very sweet voice, and entering into the characters she personated with spirit, she soon became a favorite. She afterwards performed throughout the New England States, and gained considerable notoriety, especially in the town of Newburyport, Mass., where she was really idolized. Returning to Philadelphia, she first appeared in her native city on the 28th of August, 1852, at the Chestnut, as Vilette, in "She Would, and She Would Not." She also performed at the Arch Street Theatre. In the fall of 1857, she joined the company of Messrs. Clarke & Gile, of the Richmond and Norfolk Theatres, and started from Philadelphia in the steamer Palmetto, for Norfolk. The steamer was wrecked in the Delaware Bay, and the passengers and crew barely escaped with their lives. The exposure and anxiety attending that occasion, laid the foundation of that fatal disease—consumption. She afterwards performed in Norfolk, and struggled against the workings of her disease. After a lingering illness of nine weeks, she departed this life, June 12th, 1858, at Baltimore, Md. At the time of her decease, she was engaged at the Holliday Street Theatre.

SKETCHES OF TRAVELLING ACTORS.

BY THE READER.

W. W. PRATT.

The above-named actor, author, painter, musician, preacher, manager, and temperance lecturer, was born in Boston in 1821. Left at an early age with a handsome competency, he embarked in business, which not proving remunerative, he was induced by the late eccentric but worthy manager and actor, Mr. E. H. Wyatt, to adopt the stage as a profession, and in September, 1851, appeared as Jacob Twig, in one of the suburban towns on Mr. Wyatt's circuit near Boston. For five years he continued to travel with Mr. Wyatt, playing every kind of business, frequently enacting such doubles—or trebles, rather—as Picard and Delparc, in "Therese;" playing also all the music at the wings on his violin; and occasionally playing the "adajo movement" for himself to die. During the run of Uncle Tom, Mr. Pratt was the favorite and "second original" of the character in Hartford, New Haven, Waterbury, and other cities in Connecticut. In 1858 he left the stage, and preached at Pitt street Chapel, from the text, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but my people do not know me concerning Israel." The church was crowded with professionals and friends of the "actor-preacher." Preaching not proving lucrative, he returned to the stage and wrote for G. E. Locke the play of "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," playing the same in all the eastern cities with great success. A year afterwards we find Mr. Pratt lecturing on Temperance, under the patronage of J. B. Gough, with whom in early days he was connected with the "Thespian Society."

When Mr. Marshall opened the Howard Athenæum, Boston, last season, Mr. Pratt, having been offered an engagement, abandoned lecturing on temperance, but adhered to its principles, and remained with Wyzeman until October, 1862, when he journied with Mrs. English through the Canadas, as business manager of the Ravel Troupe, in which capacity he still remains, at the New Tremont, Boston.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

The remarkable prominence which the Austrian problem composers have achieved within the last few years, and particularly in the achievements of Bayer, Plachutta, Pongracz, and Novotny in the late "World's Congress," have brought to light some interesting reminiscences of Austrian chess and chess players, especially those of Vienna. From some of these items in the *Era* we condense the following:—The Vienna Chess Club now numbers seventy or eighty members, meeting in large and commodious rooms adjoining the Cafe Stockh, in the Dorotheergrasse. The strongest players are Herren C. Hampe, E. Pitschel, Jeney, Pilhal, Novotny, Schlemm, Strauss, and Nicholas Falkbeer, brother of the celebrated Herr F. now in London. Herr Pitschel should, perhaps, be considered the present champion, as he has won two or three matches of Herr Hampe (though whether that honor was expressly at stake we are not informed) and has just carried off the first prize in their annual tournament. Herr Anton Witholm, perhaps the best player Austria has ever produced, (*) is still living, but at the advanced age of sixty-eight, and does not play chess. Herr Landesmann edits a weekly Chess column in *Waldheim's Illustrirte Zeitung*. Herr Hampe, for a long time the recognised champion of the club, now plays only on Friday evenings and usually with Herr Jeney. Of Austrian names known to Chess literature, the following, with the date of death are given:—Dollinger, the problemist, about 1812; Allgaier, the great player, author, and analyst, about thirty-five years ago; Santo Vito, editor of the later editions of Allgaier, 1849; Baron Perenyi, 1855; and Anton Schmid, the great Chess bibliopolist, of the Imperial Library, 1837. We have a little game (*Era*) between Herren Jeney and Hampe, which we will reproduce, as occasion presents.

(*) We infer from an editorial interpolation by Herr Loewenthal, that he doubts the propriety of the rank there assigned to this venerable member of the circle of giants of from twenty-five to forty years agone. The following passage in Walker's "*Philidorian*" (1838) p. 118, fully bears out Herr L.'s Vienna correspondent (Herr N. Falkeer, we presume) in giving the rank he does to this distinguished veteran. The strongest amateur at Vienna is M. Witholm. Szen and Witholm are about equal in power. M. Szen has never met with any other player in Germany who could make a stand against him, though he has visited Berlin, Dresden, &c. M. de la Bourdonnais could give the Pawn to either Szen or Witholm, though M. Szen, when in London, beat all the good players who could screw up their courage to face him." All this classes Herr Anton Witholm as the equal of the great Parisian Boucourt, and could Austria ever claim more?

ENIGMA No. 376.

From "The Philidorian."

BY HERR JULIUS MENDHEIM.

at Q 6, her Kt 5, K Kt 7, Q R 6, K R 2d.

at Q R 2d, at K R 6th.

White to play and compel Black to give mate in twelve moves.

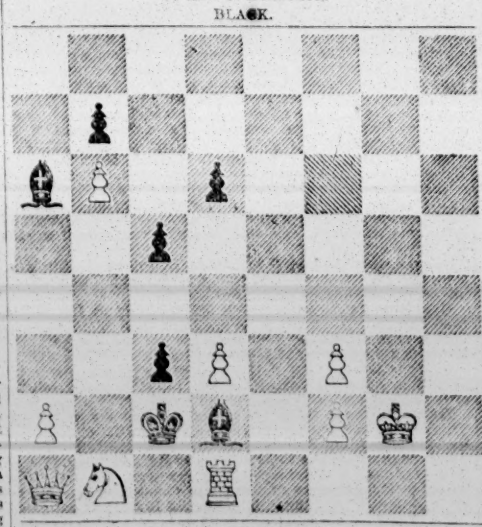
PROBLEM No. 376.

WORLD'S CONGRESS FOURTH PRIZE PROBLEM.

"Qui stadium currit nisi di contenderit defet, ut vincat."

BY REV. G. MCARTHUR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

GAME No. 376.

Contested some time back between Dr. R., of Boston, and our contributor, "Incognito."

GIUOCO PIANO.

Attack, Dr. R——.	Defence, Incognito.	Attack, Dr. R——.	Defence, Incognito.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	12. K R to K sq	P to K B 3
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13. K P × P	Q × B 2d P
3. K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14. Q Kt-B 3	Kt × B P(c)
4. P-Q B 3	K Kt-B 3	15. K × K Kt	K B × P +
5. P-Q 4	K P × P	16. Q B-K 3	K B × B +
6. P-K 5	P-Q 4	17. K × K B(d)	P-Q 5 +
7. K B-Kt 5	K Kt-K 5	18. Q × Q P	Q-R 3 +
8. B P × B	K B-Kt 3	19. K-his B 2	Q R-Q sq
9. P-K R 3(a)	Castles	20. Q × R P	Q R-Q 7 ×
10. K B × Kt	Kt P × B	21. K-Kt sq	K R × Kt
11. Castles	Q B-R 3(b)	22. Kt P × R, and our contributor mates in two moves.	

(a) Terribly slow; "moving up a Pawn, when he should be debouching with a piece"—especially in view of the superior development the Defence is so rapidly acquiring.

(b) And has a beautiful game. The theoretical weakness of a doubled P is repaid with usury by the powerful position of these pugnacious churchmen.

(c) A most elegant and decisive turn to this fine Defence. The remainder is played out with appropriate piquancy.

(d) It might have been a little prolonging to take with R.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. W. H., Frederick City, Md.—Solutions O. K. Your Position appears this week. We are *not* "down" on *anybody's* champion.

HARRY LESEURE, Philadelphia.—Your surmise was correct—it *was* the types, and not "Express."

EXPRESS.—Your "erratum" appears this week. The unsoundness of 6 to 10 has been referred to by two correspondents since receiving your expose of the same.

G. S. R.—We do not claim for Mr. Vannatta the title of Champion. We said, "*If* any one is entitled to that honor Mr. V. is the person." We agree with you that no one should claim the name unless he is willing to play. The "Buffalo Champion" is averse to this way of doing business. He wants the name, but not the game.

S. H. D., Omaha, Nebraska.—Have forwarded you Anderson's Treatise by mail. We have been asked that question by fifty different correspondents, and have heretofore declined giving our views on the subject, but our *private* opinion, *publicly* expressed, is, that A. J. Drysdale, of this city, is the *best* Draught Player in America.

REVISED CORRECTIONS!—ED. CLIPPER: A slight typographical error occurred in a note appended to Game 51 Vol. X., (Correction of Drummond.) The clause runs thus: "Supposing this—16 to 19; 23 to 16; 6 to 10; will Mr. Drummond," &c. Instead of 6 to 10, please read 8 to 12, which was the move indicated by

Yours, &c., EXPRESS.

GAME No. 1—Vol. XI.

FIFE.

DRUMMOND CORRECTS ANDERSON.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	18.. 8 to 12	13 to 9
2.. 9 14	22 17	19.. 6 13	17 14
3.. 5 9	17 13	20.. 2 6	14 9
4..14 18	19 16	21.. 6 10	9 6
5..12 19	26 23	22..13 17	22 13
6..19 26	30 5	23..15 22	6 2
7..15 18	25 22	24..10 15	2 7
8..18 25	29 22	25..22 26	7 10
9..10 14	22 18	26..26 31	10 19
10..14 23	27 18	27..31* 26	13 9
11.. 8 11	32 27	28..26 22*	9 6
12.. 4 8	27 23	29.. 1 10	5 1
13.. 8 12	24 20	30..22 17	1 6
14.. 7 10	31 26	31..10 14	6 9
15..10 15	26 22	32..14 18	23 14
16..12 16	28 24	33..16 23	14 10
17.. 3 8	21 17	Drawn.	

* See Anderson's 2d Edition; Branch 25.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 53—Vol. X.

BY C. H. WILDER.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1.. 2 to 6	2 to 9	4..19 to 23	12 to 19
2..11 7	10 3	5..23 14	9 18
3..12 8	3 12	6..24 22, and wins.	

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 116th POSITION.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..17 to 14	18 to 9	5..25 to 22	5 to 9
2..15 10	6 15	6.. 3 7	9 14
3..13 6	2 9	7.. 7 10	14 17
4..11 25	9 13	8..22 25, and wins.	

MATCH GAME,

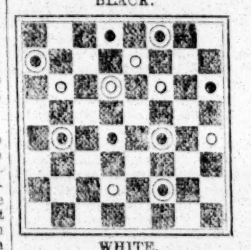
BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND ACCEPTANCE.

Black—G. M. B.		White—Acceptance.	
10..15	22	26	17
11.. 3	7		

POSITION No. 1—Vol. XI.

BY G. W. H., OF FREDERICK, MD.

BLACK.

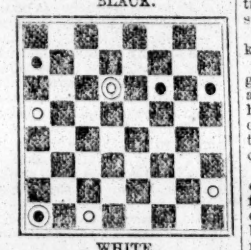


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 117th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE RING.

"WE STILL LIVE."—HARRY HILL'S Saloon, on Houston street, enjoys the popular patronage to an unparalleled degree. The truth is, Harry is a capital fellow, and a most *recherche* caterer, and hence his almost unprecedented popularity. We advise all who desire to spend a social and delightful evening to visit his admirably conducted Restaurant and Saloon. 36-3m*

THE ST. NICHOLAS BOWLING ROOM, No. 535 Broadway, (under the Prescott House,) is the only perfect TEN PIN SALOON in New York. The Manager for thirteen years had charge of the Bowling Room at the Astor House. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars of the best quality.
40-tf PETE GALLAGHER, Proprietor.

CLIPPER SHADES, No. 49 EAST BROADWAY.—Free and Easy every Monday and Saturday evenings, with that exquisite songster, OLD BILL TOVEE in the Chair. The best of Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, constantly on hand. The Proprietors will do their utmost to promote the comfort of those honoring them with a call.

Dick Hellywood and Mike Dorsey always at home to give Lessons in the art of Self Defence.
44-tf DICK & EUGENE HOLYWOOD, Proprietors.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN C. HEENAN in citizens dress, and fighting costume. 25 cents each, and sent post paid by W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y. 51-1t*

THOMAS SWEETMAN IS INQUIRED FOR BY HIS BROTHER, JOHNNY.—Mr. Sweetman, the boxer, now at Columbus, Ohio, is anxious to hear from his brother Thomas. The last heard of him was some four years ago—he was then employed at a crockery store in Catharine street, New York City. Any information concerning him will be considered as a great favor. Address [51-1t*] JOHNNY SWEETMAN, Columbus, O.

THE GREAT $2000 FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA,

BETWEEN

JOHNNY LAZARUS AND PETE DALY.

UNSATISFACTORY TERMINATION—THE BATTLE DECIDED A DRAW—OVER TWO HOURS FIGHTING.

The long-talked-of prize fight between Johnny Lazarus and Pete Daly, for $1000 a side, came off on the 10th of March, the original day fixed, so that neither Bill Clarke or Harry Lazarus were there in time. They arrived at San Francisco the day afterwards. Izzy Lazarus, Jr., was present at the fight.

Johnny Lazarus' friends' headquarters were at the Branch Saloon, Washington street, San Francisco, and Pete Daly's at Con Mooney's, corner of Kearney and Commercial streets, where the Irish element predominated.

The boats Contra Costa and San Antonio got off from their respective wharfs, the Broadway and Vallejo streets, at about eight o'clock, A. M., without the slightest interruption. After proceeding about two miles and a half, Lazarus and his trainer, Joe Winrow, were taken on board from a small boat. When Johnny jumped aboard he was the "observed of all observers," but no cheers greeted him, and he passed quietly into the cabin. When Daly came alongside the San Antonio, the rush was so great to see him that three men fell overboard, but being good swimmers paddled about until picked up, none the worse except getting a good salt water bath. On Daly's appearance, the band on his boat struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and he was cheered most heartily.

Nothing of unusual interest transpired on the voyage, and they reached the battle field, one mile south of Lake City, on Petaluma Creek, Sonoma County, about noon, finding quite a large concourse of miners and others, who had come from the ranches in the neighborhood to see the sport.

On the grounds there was lots of confusion, and in their anxiety, the lovers of a mill fixed up a ring without waiting for orders, so as to get good positions. On the appearance of the trainers, however, the whole thing had to be fixed over again, which, of course, occupied considerable time. The next difficulty was choosing a referee. Lazarus' umpire was Alec Devoe; Daly's, M. O'Brien. A dozen or more were proposed to fill the office of referee, and while those against whom there was no objections refused, the others of course were barred out. A stranger to the rules of the P. R., and a man who had never seen a prize fight, named J. Hughes, was finally agreed upon.

All these important matters having been settled, Pete Daly shied his castor into the ring, and quickly followed with Harry Gribbin and Con Mooney as his seconds. Johnny Lazarus was right after him with his chapeau, attended by Joe Winrow and Tim Macarty. Both men were cheered, but in comparison, Lazarus' were but the crack of a musket to the roar of a cannon, in contrast with Daly's.

Daly's colors were a green silk, with an emblazoned eagle with a harp in its mouth, and the motto, "Love One Another." Lazarus' colors were the old Blue Bird's Eye fogle, a blue ground with white spots.

Gribbin offered to bet $50 against $100 that his man would lick Johnny in an hour. Lazarus and Daly are said to have staked $500 even on the result.

After tossing for corners, won by Lazarus, who chose the northeast corner, the seconds of the pugilists at once commenced divesting them of their toggery, and after the usual formulæ of hand-shaking, they stepped out for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Johnny Lazarus will be twenty-two years of age next September. His weight on this occasion was 119 lbs., while Daly pulled down the scale at 120 lbs. Daly's age is said to be twenty-nine. Johnny was in beautiful condition, and had been a good boy in obeying his trainer, the veteran Joe Winrow, and cherishing up the advice of his father, Izzy, who, from his experience, was well able to give it. His skin was remarkably clear, and fairly glowed with health, while his breast and face were almost as solid as marble. A smile of confidence played over his features. Daly stripped neat, and his muscles were finely developed. In short, both men were in the best possible condition. Lazarus was the first to advance to the centre, all grace and activity, sparring about for a chance to plant on Daly, but the latter's rushing propensities would not allow of it. They met simultaneously, and went to work like old ring-fighters instead of novices, and the first round was ended by Daly throwing Lazarus over the ropes. Time 1¼ min.

2. Lazarus was the first to the scratch, with his mazzard wreathed in smiles. Daly also came promptly forward, and put up beautifully. Lazarus watched a favorable opportunity, and sent his bunch of fives into Daly's dominoes, drawing the claret. The draft was not claimed, as no bets were pending upon it, and Daly took good care to keep the fact secret by sucking the blood into his mouth. Lazarus followed Daly into his corner, and hit out with his left mawley, planting one on Daly's ribs, receiving in return a chopper upon his knowledge box; both clinched, and Daly threw Lazarus. [Immense cheering from Daly's friends.]

3. At the call of time both men came to the scratch, when Daly planted a blow upon Lazarus' mark, and received a plumper under his right ogle, which drew the ruby. Daly then clinched with Lazarus, who went down.

4. Some little sparring, when Daly rushed in and caught Lazarus and threw him.

5. Daly seemed to fight with more expectation of winning, and came gallantly to the scratch, where he was met by Johnny, who soon compelled him to retire into his own corner, receiving a crushing blow on the ribs as he got home a teller upon Daly's breathers. After some spirited counter-hitting, Daly closed in, and Lazarus was cross-buttocked.

6. Both men to the scratch. Daly now seemed to have become convinced that he had no child's play before him, and manifested a strong disposition to keep well into his own corner. Lazarus followed him closely, and after feinting, got in a facer in a very handsome style, and received a terrible side-winder which proved a leveller.

7. Lazarus, at the call of time, advanced and drove Daly into his corner, where, after some slight counter-hitting, he was thrown, Daly falling heavily upon him.

8. Both men came up with spirit, and faced the music with confidence. After a couple of short blows, they locked, and Lazarus threw Daly.

9. Both came forward and put up with grace, when Lazarus got in a stunner under Daly's ogle, which was immediately followed by a bright stream of claret. Daly closed, and Lazarus was put down.

10. Some slight sparring, and Lazarus was sent to terra firma.

11. Daly got in a sounder on Lazarus' bread-basket, when the closed, and some beautiful counter-hitting took place, when the nut of each came in for some beautiful gruel. However, Daly put Lazarus to the ground.

12. Daly began to keep shady, and hugged close to his corner. Lazarus asked him to come out, or the sun would go down before the fight was ended. Daly replied, by saying, "Yes, the son of Old Izzy will go down soon enough!" He, however, received a teller on the right cheek from "that same son of Old Izzy," who went down as soon as Daly grabbed him.

13. Some very hard hitting took place in this round, and Daly threw Lazarus, falling upon him.

14. Lazarus made a shot, but missed, and received a heavy ribber in return, Daly getting away with grace. He was, however, invited to come to the centre; as he did so, Lazarus rewarded him with a crusher upon the jaw, and accepted one upon the left breast. They now closed, and after severe counter-hitting, during which Lazarus got one on Daly's listener, he was sent to grass.

15. Lazarus rushed in and gave Daly a weighty one on the knowledge-box, but was thrown by Daly.

16. Daly began to lose confidence in his ability, but being good-wooled, he came forward promptly at the call of time. He appeared to labor for breath for a moment, and rubbed his hands over his drawers. Lazarus advanced, and got in on Daly's mark, which was prettily returned by D. on L.'s listener. Some fibbing now took place, and both went down, Daly on top.

17. Both men were leary, and Lazarus' little brother Izzy requested him to give Daley "one for the Old Man." He made fearful blow, which was handsomely parried by Daly, who got one on Lazarus' ribs. Some decidedly heavy blows were struck by both parties, and after closing and punching each other in the neck, Lazarus went down. [This round, Daly caught Lazarus over the hips, and the battle was claimed for him on account of the foul, but was not allowed.]

18. Daly still hugged his own corner, and seemed desirous of acting on the defensive; he was invited by Lazarus to come out and fight, but didn't relish the invitation. Lazarus entered the lion's den, and got his head in chancery, but went down before he received any severe punishment.

19. After some preliminary feints, Daly succeeded in getting a telling blow on Lazarus' bread-basket, and the latter finds that it is a facer.

20. Lazarus came to the scratch laughing, while Daly looked as serious as a parson on charity day. Both men were careful, but Lazarus got in a puzzler on Daly's peeper, and got away, but immediately returned and punched Daly on the jugular. Both down, Daly on top.

21. It now appeared evident to every one that Lazarus was by far the best general. He advanced with coolness, and got in a couple of rapid feelers on Daly's phiz and swallow. Daly closed in and threw Lazarus over the ropes.

22. Lazarus advanced into Daly's corner, and by way of a salute got in a tremendous blow on Daly's ogle, which immediately showed "sky blue." Daly, however, returned a nut-cracker and received a punch on the smeller. Lazarus got down. [Terrible excitement prevailed for a moment, as Lazarus staggered from his corner, as pale as a ghost.]

23. Lazarus got in a couple of rapid blows on Daly's ribs, and was thrown against the ropes.

24. Daly hit Lazarus a couple of blows with his open hand and then closed in and threw him.

25. Both men came to the scratch, but Daily was driven into his corner, where he received a chopper from Lazarus' mawleys he, however, returned the compliment on Lazarus' bread-basket. They now closed, and after some severe hitting on both sides Lazarus got down. [Here L.'s second claimed the fight, on account of Daly inserting his ivories into the deltoid of L. Not allowed.]

26. Lazarus now had to coax a fight from Daly, who seemed desirous of acting on the defence. He went into Daly's corner and hit him "one for the Old Man." Daly got in a heavy blow on Lazarus' ribs, who got another on Daly's proboscis, when he was put to the earth by Daly.

27. They closed, and Lazarus was thrown. [Here Lazarus seconds claimed a foul, but it was not allowed.]

28. Lazarus got in a heavy blow on Daly's breast, and was knocked down in return. Both men very warm.

29. Johnny advanced upon Peter, and handed him a jaw-acher but before he got away Daly gave him a punch in the breast. They closed, and Daly got his gob punched very severely. Both down.

30. Daly came to the scratch slightly groggy, while Johnny was as cool as a cucumber; while Daly's wits were wool-gathering, Lazarus managed to plant five or six stunners on Daly's nose, whereby he drew huge quantities of the ruby. Daly closed in and Lazarus let himself down.

31. Lazarus came to the scratch with his face full of smiles, and gave Daly a reminder on the nose and on the forehead over the left eye. Daly cross buttocked Lazarus, and sent him to the sod.

32. Daly was again driven to his corner, when he punched Lazarus in the side, and took one in the right eye. Lazarus then received a couple on the breast, and gave Daly's nose a crasher. They closed and Lazarus got down.

33. Lazarus received a severe lick in the lug while planting one on Daly's ogle, an operation he repeated several times, when he went down.

34. Daly now appeared to be very sick; he was covered with blood, and was constantly throwing great quantities from his throat; he hugged his corner, and Lazarus was compelled to beg him to come out. As Daly complied, Lazarus gave him a note of hand, delivered at sight.

35. Lazarus got in a heavy blow on Daly's snuff-box, received an upper-cut on the cheek, and went down.

36 and 37.—Lazarus went down as soon as Daly clinched him.

38. Some severe hitting, when Daly got Lazarus to the ropes.

39. Daly received several blows upon his cheeks, breast and eye, when he rushed in and threw his arms around Lazarus, who slipped through them by bearing his entire weight upon Daly.

Daly's seconds claimed the fight upon the technicality of Lazarus's going down without a blow. While the decision was still pending, time was called, and Lazarus came promptly to the scratch. Daly came up and a blow was struck, when Mooney ran up to Daly and pushed him to his corner, declaring that the fight was won. The crowd rushed into the ring, and, amidst a scene of the wildest confusion, Lazarus was removed from the ring, but not until after Daly had been taken out. The judges declared that the fall was on the square; *but Mooney appealed to the referee*, who decided in favor of Daly, who was thus declared winner of a fight that he would have been unable to have maintained thirty minutes longer. The fight lasted 2 hours 11 min.

After leaving the battle-field the parties returned to the city; and although immense crowds had gathered at the steamboat landings to greet the combatants, there was no disturbance of any kind. The friends of each escorted them up Washington street; arousing quiet people from their propriety by their enthusiastic cheering.

The stakes have not yet been delivered up to the reputed vic-

tor, as there is some dispute as to who is the winner. The following cards were published in the *Morning Call* of March 12:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1863.

EDITORS MORNING CALL:—SIRS:—I called upon Mr. O'Brien today, and was informed by him that the "fall was foul," but that he thought that if Devoe and he had been allowed time to talk the matter over, they would probably have allowed the fight to have gone on. CON. MOONEY.

P. S. The following is the decision of the Referee:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1863.

I, James Hughes, late Referee in the fight between Peter Daly and John Lazarus, on the 10th of March, do certify as said Referee in same fight, do honestly and justly entitle Peter Daly winner of said fight. JAMES HUGHES, Referee.

The following is a card from Daly:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 11, 1863.

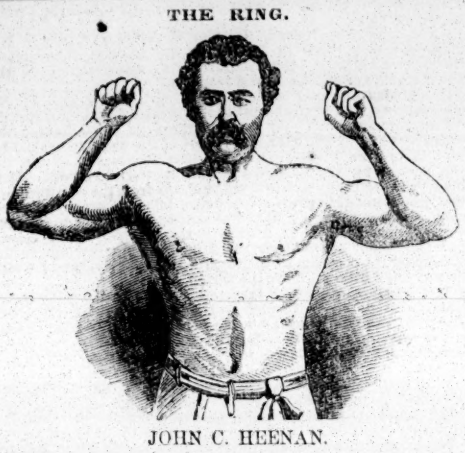
EDITORS MORNING CALL:—SIRS:—As a number of rumors have been circulated that I will not again meet Lazarus in the ring, allow me to say that I pledge myself to meet him in three, four, or five weeks, for the sum of $2,000, provided that the stakes of the fight of Tuesday be delivered to me, as they should be, I having honestly won them. Man and money can be found at the Poney Express Saloon, corner of Commercial and Kearny streets. PETER DALY.

A meeting of the umpires and seconds of the late prize fight was held on the 12th of March, when the umpires decided that the referee acted without authority in deciding the contest *before being appealed to*, and consequently the battle would have to be fought over again on Monday, March 23d, for the original stakes. All outside bets were declared "off," and the parties holding stakes authorized to return them to the respective depositors. Either party was allowed till one o'clock that day to make a new match for $2,000, in case of which they will be entitled to withdraw the stakes already pending. If a new match is made, the fight will not take place until about the 8th of April.

By a still later communication, dated March 14, we learn that each man was allowed to draw his own money after considerable chin music on both sides, and dissatisfaction all round. It is generally believed that they will not fight again. It will be seen, according to the above account, that Con Mooney is said to have appealed to the referee in one place, and that the umpires afterwards decided that the referee gave his decision *before* being appealed to. We can't make head nor tale of it, and fear the proceedings will put a check to the prize ring in California. Unless fights are decided on the merits of the principals, what's the use of fighting at all?

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.



JOHN C. HEENAN.

THE GREAT TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

MORE MONEY STAKED—$1,500 NOW UP.

Heenan Will Fight Nobody but King, and *vice versa*.

JEM MACE LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.

We have additional particulars in regard to this extraordinary match between the two young giants, whereby we learn that more money has been staked, and a time and place appointed for the next deposit. It also appears that Jem Mace's bold challenge to fight either Heenan or King at three months notice has received a flat refusal. This is what the *Sporting Life* of March 28th, says:—

Another move has been made towards the furtherance of the great match between Heenan and Tom King, for £1,000, inasmuch as the second deposit, of £50 a side was staked, according to articles, on Thursday evening, March 26, in the presence of a very large number of patrons of the P. R. Mr. Owen Swift, who was accompanied as usual by a *coterie* of gentlemen, was the representative of Heenan, and staked the money (£50); while Mr. Richardson posted "the coal" for Tom King, who announced the fact that the second deposit was staked, making £150 a side now down. Mr. Swift named Harry Brunton's, the George and Dragon, Beach street, Barbican, as the place where the next deposit, of £50 a side has to be staked on Thursday, April 9. There was no betting whatever, and the meeting, as soon as the business of staking up had been concluded, assumed a strong aspect of conviviality, until the redoubtable Tom King was obliged to secede, and wend his way to Limehouse to attend a benefit for Freeman, Tom having given his *ipse dixit* to appear. Jem Mace is still anxious to know whether either of the big 'uns will make a match on his proposed terms, but we are assured that King will not fight until his engagement with Heenan. Heenan also states that he will not fight.

Bell's Life of March 29, has the following in reference to how matters are progressing:

"This extraordinary match has been the common topic of the week in all sporting circles, and the number of inquiries we have received as to its being a genuine and *bona fide* affair, have almost driven us crazy. We have been accused of giving gratuitous publicity to a Yankee advertising job, of getting up sensation matches for our own purposes, &c., &c. All we can say in reply is, that as far as we can judge, we have every reason to believe in the match being perfectly fair and above board, and that there is no ground for any suspicion to the contrary. Doubtless the length of time before the fight gives color to the suggestion that the men mean to trade upon their reputation by going the rounds of all provincial towns with some circuses, and the fact that both are engaged for the summer, strengthens the supposition. As, however, this system of circus traveling has been all the rage with the champions and candidates for the belt for the last three years, we are not disposed to attach any weight to the hints thrown out on this head. Of course our eye will be upon both men, and their movements will be narrowly watched, but until we see something affording ground for suspicion, we must retain the opinion which we have already expressed, that the match is really and truly genuine, and we warn our readers to discard all suspicion, and not to listen to the *canards* which are always flying about on the occasion of any great match, and which generally spring from the fertile brains of gentry who, wishing to appear wise in their generation, draw largely upon their inventive faculties, in the hope of obtaining credit for possessing special information, while all the time they are, if possible, more ignorant than those who know literally nothing. On Thursday last there was a large muster of sportsmen at Mr. Richardson's, Blue Anchor, Church street, Shoreditch, to witness the posting of the second deposit of £50 a side. Owen Swift attended on behalf of Heenan, and Mr. Richardson posted the rhino for King. Heenan did not show, but King was present, and took upon himself the task of announcing the fact that the money was made good.

PATSEY REARDON AND SHOCKER SHIPP, £200, at 10st. 2lb.

SUDDEN DEATH OF SHOCKER SHIPP.

From the Sporting Life, March 28.

The match between Patsey Reardon and Shocker Shipp, who were matched at 10st 2lb, for £100 a side, has suddenly arrived at an unlooked-for conclusion. Everything appeared *couleur de rose* until Wednesday at mid-day, when news arrived at Mr. Evans's, the George the Fourth, East India road, Poplar, that Shocker Shipp, although apparently well on Tuesday, had expired at three o'clock on Wednesday morning, at his training quarters, Buckhurst Hill, near Woodford, Essex. Patsey Reardon, with commendable generosity, never mooted the question whether he was entitled to a forfeit or not, but, when the subject was broached to him, only asked for his expenses, which he considered would be paid by a ten pound note, and out of that he gave a couple of pounds towards the funeral of Shipp. Shocker Shipp, although not of much metropolitan fame, was thought a great deal of amongst his townsmen, at Bristol, as he has beaten several good men for small amounts, and never been once defeated. His principal battles, however, have been with Cunningham (a man over 6ft. in height), whom he beat, for £10 a side, in 49 min., near Bristol, on Nov. 23, 1857, and his celebrated battle with Patsey Reardon, at £28 to £20, on April 2 and 3, 1861, a couple of days' tourney, which lasted the first day 75 min., during which time nine rounds were fought, much in favor of Shipp; the second day's fight lasted 3 hours 10 minutes, and twenty-seven rounds, when darkness came on, and the stakes were eventually drawn. Shipp, who was born on April 8, 1828, at Bristol, stood 5ft. 5¼in. in height, and, when in condition, weighed about 10st. He was much respected by his friends at Bristol, and since he has been matched with Reardon, has gained a great number of friends in the metropolis by his unassuming conduct. The immediate cause of his untimely death was apoplexy, and the verdict at the inquest, held at Buckhurst Hill, March 27, was to the effect that, with the exception of an effusion of blood on the brain, a more healthy body was never under the hands of a surgeon for a *post mortem* examination.

GALLANT FIGHT IN THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT, BETWEEN FRED FOSTER (HEAP) AND YOUNG FIELDING.

These lads met early on Monday morning, March 23, to settle their differences, at Edgecroft, near Manchester, Heap being backed from W. McElroy's, Elephant and Castle, Fleet street, Manchester, and Fielding found his stakes from Toddy Parkinson.

Round 1. Both looked well and confident. Heap stood the more artistically of the two. Both showed that the sparring-school had been frequently visited by them. Fielding was as lively on his legs as a kitten; Heap, not so active, looked very determined, and stood well for attack or defence. After a short time spent in sparring, they got together. Heap dashed out his left on Fielding's right eye heavily, and jumped away from the return; he again crept within distance, and planted his right on the ribs. This brought them to close quarters, when, after some good exchanges, Fielding, in attempting to deliver a right-hander, slipped down.

2. Heap, on time being called, was the first up; Fielding showed the marks of the last round. Heap made one, two, with his left, but Fielding got back smiling. Heap then got within distance, and sent out the left viciously on the nose, gaining first blood. 4 to 1 was laid on Heap, without takers. They closed, and in the half-armed hitting both were busy, and after a struggle for the fall, both down, fielding under.

3 was a short one, for no sooner had they faced each other than Heap dashed out his right on Fielding's ribs, and sent him to grass.

4. This round was remarkable for the quickness of exchanges, both getting on the head and chest, and Fielding, nothing daunted, rushed in and got his right on the nose, and fell from the force of his own blow.

5 to 20. All in favor of Heap.

21. Both quick up to the call of time. They began as soon as they got together, and fought with both hands, Heap on the ribs, and Fielding on the nose and eyes, until both were down.

22. Heap came up confidently, and commenced proceedings by planting his left on the ribs and receiving heavily on the eye, when Heap fought Fielding down.

23 to 30. The cheers and encouragement given to Heap nettled Fielding, for the instant he came up, he rushed to close quarters, planted left and right on Heap's eyes, and went down.

31. The battle, from this round, was all in favor of Fielding, who, notwithstanding the fast fighting, was as strong as at the commencement. Heap was suffering from the repeated blows on the nose, and was fast going blind, and his seconds, knowing this, made him force the fighting.

32 to 53 and last. The fighting in these rounds was of precisely the same character, for, notwithstanding all the game and determined efforts of Heap, who never at any time flinched in the least, and in several instances surprised his backers and the spectators, by the game manner in which he struggled against fate, and his backers, seeing he had no chance, for he was totally blind, threw up the sponge, and Fielding was declared the winner, after fighting 2 hours 52 min.

GALLANT MILE IN THE MANCHESTER DISTRICT, FOR £20.—On March 18, J. Hocknell and W. Jubbs, two novices, were backed to contend for the above amount. There has been a grudge between the lads for some time, and their friends, wishing to see what sort of stuff they were made of, concluded the above match. Both are just turned seventeen, and the backers of Hocknell (the Westenders of Manchester) expected great things from him, which his conduct in this battle fully justifies. The "blues" having been so much on the alert in this district lately, the whereabouts was kept a secret from all but old particulars. A well-known house was the place of meeting, and a snug spot just adjoining was chosen, where, being free from interruption, at ten, A. M., they threw in their caps, and stood up for the fight. Both lads were in splendid condition. Hocknell was much the taller and the longer in the reach, but, as an equivalent, Jubbs was much the sturdier. In the first round there was a vast amount of sparring, until Jubbs planted on the nose, receiving a rather hot one on the belly, and exchanges passed until Jubbs got down. After this round, Hocknell received orders to "go in," and, obeying orders, he afterwards had the fight all his own way for the fifty-four rounds, which occupied 1 hour 7 min. Both were severely punished, Jubbs being blind when his seconds gave in for him.

DAVID ROUND AND MARK MANTLE.—These "black knights" met as early as seven o'clock on March 24th, at Walsall Dingle, between Stourbridge and Kidderminster, for their match at catch-weight, for £10 a-side. A large company assembled in anticipation of a rare treat, but we regret to say they were doomed to disappointment, as the exhibition, for men with the slightest pretentions to boxing, was ludicrous in the extreme. They certainly faced each other, and went through a mimic performance occupying nine minutes, wherein six rounds were recorded. In four out of the six, Mantle went down without a blow, and in the sixth round made a deliberate foul. The referee being disgusted with the whole transaction, left the field, and was immediately followed by the combatants, the whole affair being most disgraceful throughout.

YOUNG DUTCH SAM AND DREW.—It will be remembered we stated in our last that Mr. Ward, the backer of Young Dutch Sam, had served us with a notice not to part with the stakes in this match. We are happy to announce that he has thought better of it, and on Thursday last withdrew the notice and reimbursed the backers of Drew for the expenses to which they had been put. Young Sam still remains in the London Hospital, and being very badly off, and possessing a wife and child, he would be glad if his friends will allow him something for his colors. Sam had nothing to do with the legal notice, and in the Ring did his best to win. We trust, therefore, he will meet with the sympathy of the sporting world.—*Bell's Life, March 29.*

DEATH OF SIR TATTON SYKES.—It was stated in our last that Sir Tatton Sykes laid dangerously ill, and it is now our painful duty to announce that, at six o'clock on Saturday morning, the good old squire sank and died. He had been suffering lately from an aggravated attack of bronchitis, but the immediate cause of the veteran's death was dropsy. Sir Tatton Sykes was one of the best beloved and best known sporting characters in England, and, though eccentric, he was amiable and gentlemanly to a degree. He was born on August 22, 1772, at Whel-drake, and married, on January 19, 1822, Mary Anne, second daughter of the late Sir W. Foulis, Bart. He succeeded to the title and estates on the death of his brother, Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, in the following year. By his wife, who died about twelve months since, he leaves two sons, Mr. Tatton (who succeeds to the baronetcy) and Mr. Christopher Sykes, and six daughters. Sir Tatton, as our readers are aware, was one of the largest breeders of blood stock in the kingdom, besides being an ardent lover of all out-door sports, and as an owner of race-horses, his name dates back as far as 1803, when he won a sweepstakes at Middleham, with Telemachus.—*Era, March 29.*

AQUATICS.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.—This exciting and interesting race was rowed at Putney, on the Thames, on the 28th of March, and resulted in favor of the Oxfords by seven clear lengths, with the winners almost as fresh as when they commenced. The betting was 2 to 1, and even 5 to 2 was offered without avail on the Oxford crew. The following were the crews, their weights, and the different colleges they hailed from:—

OXFORD.	st	lb
1. R. Shepard, Brazenose	11	0
2. F. H. Kelly, University	11	8
3. W. B. R. Jacobson, Christ Church	12	6
4. W. B. Woodgate, Brazenose	11	12
5. A. Morrison, Balliol	12	10
6. W. Awdry, Balliol	11	7
7. C. R. Carr, Wadham	11	7
8. W. M. Hoare, Exeter	11	12
F. E. Hopwood, Christ Church, (cox.)	8	3
CAMBRIDGE.	st	lb
1. J. C. Hawkshaw, Trinity	11	0
2. W. C. Smyly, Trinity	11	4
3. R. H. Morgan, Emmanuel	11	3
4. J. B. Wilson, Pembroke	11	10
5. C. H. Le Mothe, St. John's	12	3
6. R. A. Kinglake, Trinity	12	9
7. J. G. Chambers, Trinity	11	6
8. J. Stanning, Trinity	10	0
F. H. Archer, Corpus (cox.)	5	7

THE RACE.

After a long delay at the start, occasioned by the eagerness of the captains of the steamers accompanying the race, Mr. Edward Searle managed to get the crews in a line, and gave the order to go, and one of the best starts ever witnessed succeeded, especially under the circumstances. The oars of both the University boats caught the water at the same instant, but the Cambridge boat appeared to dwell, while that of Oxford was at once away. Oxford, when they had fairly settled to work, was a trifle in advance, but only for a short time, for Cambridge, by a vigorous dash, again became level, but only for an instant, for the long and determined stroke set by Mr. Hoare soon told a tale, and foot by foot they went in advance, until nearing the ship at Mortlake, where they took Cambridge's water, giving them the full benefit of the wash from the leading boat. Both crews had been rowing very well up to this time. Cambridge doing thirty-eight and Oxford thirty-seven strokes per minute. The Cambridge crew gamely rowed on, but without avail, and became unsteady in their action, and from time to time splashed the water up in their feather. Oxford appeared to improve on their rowing, and gradually, but surely, got away from the Light Blues at such a rate that they were leading by four lengths at Barnes Bridge, which was reached in 5 min. 42 sec. At Corney Point, Oxford were increasing their lead still further, and at the lower end of Chiswick Ait were half a dozen clear lengths ahead, and rowing with the greatest ease. There was no alteration in the positions of the boats when they passed through Hammersmith Bridge. The time up to this stage of the race was not taken, in consequence of the steamers being so far in the rear of the racing boats. As the boats threaded their way through the numerous craft, the shouts and cheers were deafening, and the pedestrians and equestrians on the towing-path were almost totally hidden by the dust raised by their own "poor feet." There was no further change in their relative positions, except that Oxford continued to increase their lead, finishing with a fine vigorous dash past the boat moored off the Star and Garter as the goal, seven clear lengths in advance, apparently without the slightest distress. The time, as near as could be ascertained, in consequence of the distance the steamers were behind, was 23 min. 3 sec. Although there was a strong wind blowing from the north-west, the water, in consequence of the tide running down, was almost perfectly smooth. Oxford, as they rowed back to the London Rowing Club Boat-house, was most enthusiastically received, while Cambridge also met with a fair share of encouraging praise from the game manner in which they rowed such a "stern" race, and held out, notwithstanding their evident distress.

The following is a correct table of previous results:—

Year.	*Place.*	*Winner.*	*Time.*	*Won by*
1829..	Henley, 2 miles 2 furlongs..	Oxford...	14m. 30s.	many lengths
1836..	Westminster to Putney...	Camb'ge.	36m.	1 m.
1839..	Westminster to Putney...	Camb'ge.	31m.	1m. 45s.
1840..	Westminster to Putney...	Camb'ge.	26m. 30s.	⅝ of a length
1841..	Westminster to Putney...	Camb'ge.	32m. 30s.	1m. 4s.
1842..	Westminster to Putney...	Oxford...	30m. 45s.	13s.
1845..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Camb'ge.	23m. 30s.	30s.
1846..	Mortlake to Putney.....	Camb'ge.	21m. 5s.	two lengths.
1849..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Camb'ge.	22m.	many lengths
1849..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Oxford...	Foul.	
1852..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Oxford...	21m. 36s.	27s.
1854..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Oxford...	25m. 29s.	11 strokes.
1856..	Mortlake to Putney.....	Camb'ge.	25m. 50s.	half a length.
1857..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Oxford...	22m. 55s.	35s.
1858..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Camb'ge.	21m. 25s.	22s.
1859..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Oxford...	24m. 30s.	Cam (sunk)
1860..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Camb'ge.	26m.	1 length.
1861..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Oxford...	23m. 27s.	48s.
1862..	Putney to Mortlake.....	Oxford...	24m. 40s.	50s.

FIVE-MILE RACE BETWEEN BARKER AND DULIEU.—On March 23, some 900 or 1,000 persons met at Hackney Wick, to witness the race of five miles, for £15 a side, between S. Barker and Dulieu, of Hoxton, the latter receiving 550 yards' start. The betting was 2 to 1 on the Hoxton man, but very little money was speculated, the friends of Sam fighting shy. The referee being appointed, the men, soon after five o'clock, went to their respective marks, and, the pistol being fired, got away very well together, Dulieu making the most of his start, and cutting out the running at his best pace. Barker, however, with his usual determination, lay gallantly to his work, and soon began to draw on his man, and at the end of the first mile, run in 4 min. 54 sec., he had reduced the gap by something like ninety yards. Throughout the second mile he continued to gain rapidly on his opponent, and at the finish of it had gained at least 200 yards. The betting had now changed in favor of Barker, but no takers. During the third mile, Sam still kept cutting down the given distance, and going up the hill in the twenty-eighth lap, took the lead, and Dulieu at once gave up the contest. The two miles were run by Barker in 9 min. 59 sec., three in 15 min. 8 sec., and from this point no time was taken.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BILLIARD MATCH.—On the evening of the 27th of March, the annual billiard match between the rival Universities was played at Mr. Roberts's Rooms, Saville House, Leicester Square, Oxford being represented by Ward and Chamberlain, Cambridge by Payne and Horne. The game was 500 points, Cambridge winning by 65.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 411.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

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to call 'em by. The manager is Mr. Samuel Corry, and the "rank and file" comprise F. J. Wood, Harry Paul, Charlie Slocum, Harry Bloodgood, Dan Pell, S. W. Lagee, Jr., Geo. D. Horance, W. Harrington, B. J. Donniker, H. H. Massey, C. Hill, Dan'l. Lang, H. Walsh, J. Cane, and Charlie Karravell. Miss Fanny Woods also performs with the troupe, appearing in the first part in white face and stage dress, and presiding in the novel capacity of interrogator. Mr. C. E. Richardson, long and favorably connected with J. C. Myers' dramatic company, is agent.

F. Soloman, banjo performer and violinist, is disengaged, and anxious to connect himself with some company for the summer. See his advertisement.

Minstrelsy flourishes in Boston as well as in New York. Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's great band being the head and front of that species of amusement in the "hub of creation." Lon. Morris, one of the managers of the troupe, has just purchased a "brown stone front" in Boston, for which he paid ten thousand dollars; making five houses in all that he owns in that city, the last purchase being the greatest of them all. Lon. is also a great admirer of horseflesh, and deals in some of the best blooded animals in the place. He has now a very fast team, for which he asks $1700; oh! they can "git up and git" with a vengeance. We are glad to notice these signs of prosperity, for they are well deserved. The Morris party are hard-working, reliable men; gentlemen in their business as well as out of it, and Lon. Morris, who now comes out as the owner of a brown stone front, is one of the most thoroughgoing business men in the profession. Long may he live to enjoy his hard-earned laurels.

The San Francisco Minstrels were performing to good business in Sacramento. On the 14th ult, they brought out the sketch called "Running the Blockade," in which Billy Birch and Ben Cotton appeared as Lazarus and Daley, who recently fought a prize battle in San Francisco. Instead of Abecco not taking in San Francisco, as previously reported, we are assured that he proved a big card, achieved a decided success, and never sang a song that did not receive a "tremenjnous" encore; all of which we are glad to learn. "His Serene Highness," Billy Birch, as we intimated in a former number, cleared nearly $400 at his benefit on March 7th, and the previous one netted him nearly $500, which is much good for the "Livin' Skeleton." Birch, who, as Eph. Horn says, is very heavy when he "slings ink," states that the Sacramento business is immense, nay, "gorgeous." Billy, as a writer, is certainly "high toned," and "indefatigable in his arduous undertaking." The party now consists of Billy Birch, Ben Cotton, R. Abecco, Mons. Charles, W. M. Barker, Sam Wells, Tommy Peel, J. Allen, W. Wasburg, F. H. Oldfield, and J. Watterman. One of the papers, in a first-rate notice of Abecco, calls him "the colored gentleman from Italy."

Duprez & Green's Minstrels, who had a golden harvest in the Canadas, are now reaping a postal currency harvest in the States. Billy Sweatman did not connect with the company, at Toronto, as expected, but it was a good thing for the troupe, as Charley Reynolds joined the party in Buffalo. Charley is a clever comedian and bones, and is a valuable acquisition. Harry Slate left the company, while at Lockport, on the 2d inst., but Lew Benedict, who was in Buffalo at the time, was immediately engaged to take his place. Lew is a whole team in himself, and more than fills the place vacated by Slate. R. H. Collins, clog dancer, burlesque Highland Fling, Essence of Old Virginia, and comic banjoist, has also been engaged; so that the company is now stronger than ever, there being four comedians in the band, viz: Reynolds, Green, Benedict and Collins. March 30th and 31st they played in Hamilton, C. W., to crowded house; April 1st, in St. Catharines, for one night, and the hall was never so packed as it was on that occasion; many people were turned away; on the 2d, they dropped in at Lockport, N. Y., and such a turnout is seldom seen there. Arcade Hall was filled by the good people of that city to suffocation—hundreds stood up, and every standing place was occupied close up to the stage. On the 3d, 4th and 6th, they performed at the St. James Hall, Buffalo, to upwards of four thousand people in three nights, and their last house was the largest, although it was a very stormy night. They could have remained there a week longer, but arrangements having been made eight and nine days ahead, prevented them from remaining. The 7th they were at Erie for one evening, and had a big house for that place. They opened at Cleveland, O., on Wednesday, the 8th, for three nights, at Brainard's Hall, and turned away people every night. Although they had some strong opposition, it made no difference, Duprez & Green's Minstrels, and the smallest Foote in the world, carried everything before them.

CIRCUSES.

The "Equescurriculum" is the title of the monster concern to start out on the 20th inst., under the management of Mr. L. B. Lent. It consists of almost every variety of exhibition, combined in one grand mammoth show, under a gigantic pavillion. In addition to the best talent from Howes & Cushing's, Joe Pentland's, and the National Circuses, there will be Wallace's troupe of acting bears; Derr's educated Sacred Bull; a herd of leaping buffaloes; Professor Langworthy's performing dogs and monkeys; altogether seven distinct exhibitions. Joe Pentland is the joster of the concern, and in the troupe are included M'lle Virginie, equestrienne; James Madigan, the great double-somersault performer; Tom King, leaper, rider, and general performer; Mons. Rochelle, W. Ducrow, A. Gonzales, W. C. Morgan, W. A. Donavan, Charles Madigan, Charles Shay, W. R. Derr, H. Forrest, etc. A more complete, varied, and novel concern was probably never before fitted out, and Mr. Lent can scarcely fail to have immense audiences wherever he may pitch his mammoth tent. His first stand will be at Elizabeth City, N. J., on Monday next, 20th inst., then at Newark, on the 21st; Morristown, 22d; North Orange, 23d; Hackensack, 24th; closing the week at Hoboken on the 25th. For a full description of this gigantic combination, see the manager's advertisement in another column. Notwithstanding the variety and immensity of this concern, Mr. Lent has put the price of admission at a very low figure, viz: 25 cents.

The stone eater and sword swallower—Frank Brown—is out of an engagement, and would like to connect himself with some concern for the coming season. He eats stones as if they were tenderloins, and handles a sword equal to a Brigadier General. See his advertisement.

Brien's National Circus and Great Show will start from Philadelphia, on or about the 27th inst. The outfit is all new, and will make a fine display, both on the road and field. The baggage vans will be drawn by mules, selected expressly for the purpose. Among the performers are the Whitby family, Miss Elvira, Madame Marguerette, Miss E. Whitby, Miss Libbie Rice, Mr. H. Whitby, C. Reed, W. Kennedy, F. W. Whittaker, the Conrad Brothers, C. King, and many others of artistic merit. Mrs. C. Warner—formerly Mrs. Dan Rice—will have charge of the manege department, and will introduce the blind (white) horse Surry, and the charger Champion. Mr. C. H. Castle is agent; Mr. C. Warner, treasurer.

The side show to accompany Sands & Co.'s circus will be run by Geo. Burnell. His performers are Billy Drew, Frank Lunn, J. H. Taylor, and Billy Hart. The concern will start on or about the 20th inst.

John Torrence, who took the Hanlon Brothers to South America, had returned to San Francisco, his connection with the Hanlons having terminated, as previously noticed in the CLIPPER. The Hanlons are now going it alone in South America.

Circus performers appear to be in demand. Levi North wishes to engage a number of people for the coming season. See his advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER.

P. Antonio, of the great World Circus, intends to try another season. He advertised some time since to sell out; he had lots of applicants, but the money was not so plentiful, so he has concluded to buck the tiger once more. Mr. Antonio advertises in this No. of the CLIPPER for performers. Those interested will please notice.

George F. Bailey's Circus and Menagerie will organize at Danbury, Ct., on the 13th, and give their first show there on Tuesday, the 14th. Mr. John J. Nathans, an old and experienced showman, accompanies this concern. The four performing Elephants, the Hippopotamus, and the White Bear go with this show. Mr. Bailey has one of the finest collections of animals ever caged. On the 20th inst., this show will be at Newark, N. J.

The R. Sands' Circus, (Forshey party) pitch their canvas for the first time on the 20th inst., at Danbury, Ct. Henry Cook's wonderful performing Dogs and Monkeys, from the Chrystal Palace, and Astley's Amphitheatre, London, accompany this show. Col. G. Quick, an old showman, and one who has done much to advance the interests of "Show Life," in this country, goes with this company.

Dan Gardner & R. Hemmings' Circus organize in Philadelphia, and give their first show on the 27th inst.

Thayer & Noyes' Great United States Circus organize at Gerard, Pa., and give their first show in that town about the 30th of this month. This concern will be eclipsed by none on the road this season. The managers have purchased a number of new baggage vans, and the beautiful Band Chariot, drawn by sixteen cream horses, will make an imposing display. The company consists of some excellent talent, headed by the "Champion Equestrian," Jimmy Robinson. A. Aymar, the world-renowned Four Horse Rider, has also been engaged. We advise our Country Cousins to make way for the Thayer & Noyes' party.

Dan Rice starts his Rail Road Circus from Albany, May 4th, under the guidance of Doctor Spalding. Them mules and the blind horse, Excelsior, will be among the principal features of this show.

Jerry Mabie's menagerie starts from Delavan, Wisconsin, May 1st. Jerry has purchased one of the finest specimens of the ostrich ever seen. He bought it from the Van Amburgh party.

Great activity is being manifested this season among side show managers, who are making the most extensive arrangements. The Van Amburgh company are going pretty heavily into the business, having had built two splendid curiosity wagons, to contain wax figures and views of the battle ground.

Joe Cushing, the London showman, is perhaps making greater preparations than "any other man" in the side show biz. He has had made a 50 foot side show canvas, and has had every available spot on it covered with full length paintings of the different performers engaged. This is a new idea, and entirely original with "Joe," who, no doubt, will make a big thing of it. The paintings are all full length, and number forty-two; they are executed in the highest style of art. Mr. Cushing has quite a talented troupe engaged, among whom may be found the following:—Julia Morgan, the jig dancer; Millie Frances, danseuse; M'lle Louise, vocalist; Billy Holmes, the Philadelphia favorite; Abijah Course, comic singer; Johnny Wilcox, nigger biz; Master Frank Morgan, negro eccentricities; and a host of others. This show goes with L. B. Lent's circus.

Judge Ingalls, another old side showman, goes with the Bryan party. He has a large kangaroo, together with a curiosity show.

E. Quick and J. Townsend accompany Geo. F. Bailey's show. This show will have Barnum's nondescript, the "What Is It?" and a minstrel band.

Frank Thompson has a curiosity show and a variety show, with which he accompanies O. S. Wheeler's Great International Circus.

Harry Buckley and Wm. Coup have a side show with Jerry Mabie's concern. They have the Albino Family.

Mr. Shaley has a side show, consisting of the fat woman and monkeys. Goes with Gardner & Hemmings' Circus.

Mr. Frank Howe, a young but a very experienced side showman, has the variety show with Thayer & Noyes' Circus. We gave his company in our last issue. Mr. Howe has just purchased from Mr. Prescott, of Chicago, the celebrated Wild Hairless Mare, and will send her out to exhibit during the summer.

Avery Smith and G. Quick, two of the most noted showmen in this country, sail for Europe during the summer, for the purpose of collecting all the principal curiosities to be found in the old country, consisting of animals of every kind. They intend to be absent about three months, and return in the fall, and open in New York what has long been needed, a first class amphitheatre, and upon a scale of splendor never before witnessed in this country. These gentlemen are possessed of ample means, and always carry out what they begin.

Col. T. Allston Brown has been engaged by the Thayer & Noyes Circus party, and will travel with them this season as writer. He leaves here on the 15th to join the show.

The Van Amburgh Show broke ground and pitched canvas on Saturday, the 4th, at Dayton, Ohio, and gave their first performance this season at the same town on the 13th.

Among those who are now prepared to negotiate with managers for new engagements, are Mrs. James Nixon, the popular equestrienne, and her daughter, Miss Frank Nixon, with the two celebrated trick and manege horses, McClellan and Burnside. The ladies' advertisement will be found in another part of our paper.

MUSIC HALLS.

TONY PASTOR—COMIC SINGER AND JESTER.

Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, has been leased for a season by Mr. D. O'Neil, and is doing a fine business. The particular stars of the company are Miss Kathleen O'Neil, Irish comedienne and vocalist; Misses Fanny Archer and Ida Ross, danseuses; Sallie Duval and Fanny Wilson, balladists; and numerous "lesser lights." Of the gents, Messrs. Maffit and Bartholomew "do" the pantomimes, and the negro eccentricities are performed by Lew Simmons, Master Barney, Geo. Germaine, and others. Lew Simmons is repeatedly encored in his banjo songs, and when the name of "Little Mac" is mentioned, it is the signal for such tremendous cheering, that would bring blushes to the cheeks of some of the "radicals" who clamored for his removal, were they present. Such incidents as these show who is the favorite of the *people*.

W. C. Smythe, the old lessee of the Varieties, Pittsburgh, has "changed his base" to the Melodeon, and opened under the name and style of Smythe's Casino. "Occasional" says—"The cause of his removal was owing to some disagreement with Mr. Trimble, concerning Harry Leslie's tight rope performance; and finding they could not dwell together in peace and harmony, dissolved. I hope success may crown *Smythe's* efforts in sustaining the Casino, but it has *proved* a failure to every manager that has yet tried *it*."

Harry Leslie, rope walker and pantomimist, is engaged to perform at the Washington Varieties, commencing on the 13th inst. C. W. Parker, contortionist, is also engaged to appear there. Business at the Varieties continues excellent.

Dick Parker and Miss Julia Richmond are added to the company at the Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C., this evening, 13th inst. Ernestine De Faiber is still there, together with Misses Julia Mortimer, Kate Pennoyer, M'lles Augusta and Marie. M'lle Jennie has been giving the "Skipping Rope Dance." *Nota Bene.*—"No liquors sold to soldiers. Citizens or others giving it to soldiers will be handed over to the military authorities." All right; but what is done with those who sell or give liquor to the "military authorities?"

The company now engaged at the Varieties, Washington, is one of the best in the country, embracing first class artists in almost every line of business, among whom are M'lle Brignoli, Ada Laurent, Ada Tesman, M'lle Lizetta, Nellie Seymour, etc., etc. M'lle Brignoli's Union songs seem to please, although occasionally an unruly "Secesh" will show his feelings. On the 4th inst., Brignoli was singing a song which contains the words, "Secession mania will go down, in a few days, few days," and had just got through the last words, when a "Secesh," who had taken a little too much bad whiskey, shouted out, "Not by a d——d sight." The words were not more than out of his mouth before the police officer whose business it is to keep people straight, started him off in double quick time to the place prepared for that kind of folks. After the little excitement was over, Brignoli sang the remainder of the song, to the satisfaction of all present.

Josh Hart and Anton Bretz re-opened Beller's Concert Hall, Detroit, on the 4th inst., to a splendid house; the receipts, we are informed, reaching $250; and that, for a concert saloon in Detroit, is something out of the usual order. Josh. Hart is a great favorite in that city, and he met with a most hearty reception when he appeared; he had to make a speech before the applause subsided. P. H. Seamon "brought down the house" with his Hontz Family. It was his first appearance in Detroit, and he made quite a hit. The company, in addition to Hart and Seamon, comprises the Dobson brothers, Jas. Ryley, C. Covelli, Miss Emilie Ward, Miss Fanny May, Miss Laura Le Claire, Miss Kitty Lee, M'lle Annette, and Miss Carrie Edgar; and last, but not least, as the old saying has it, Don Santiago Gibbonolse, the "boneless man." Altogether, the opening was a great success, the proprietors being compelled to stop the sale of tickets at half-past eight o'clock. P. H. Seamon and wife, and Mr. Charles Covelli leave in a couple of weeks to join Robinson's Circus, Seamon being engaged to do the clown business.

We hear that the California legislature tried to pass a law to stop the music hall business, and a good many gentlemen connected with State affairs are said to have called upon some of the San Francisco managers, to inquire after their health, and to have a good shake of the hand; but the music hall folks could not be caught, especially when the State representatives extended their hands behind them in a peculiar way.

Dick O'Neil, who has leased Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, is doing a slapping business. Miss Kathleen O'Neil will remain there until the 27th, when she will be open for short engagements, as managers may see by an advertisement in another part of this issue. Fanny Gilmore is engaged to appear at the Varieties on the 20th. Ida Ross, a pretty girl and a good dancer, takes well with the Pittsburghers.

Maffitt and Bartholomew, now with Dick O'Neil at the Varieties, Pittsburgh, comes to 444 Broadway, on the 27th inst. They are splendid performers.

Carr's Melodeon, Buffalo, is doing well, the Buffaloes patronising almost everything in the amusement line. The Buffalo girls come out every night, now-a-days.

They have got a new ballet at last at the Varieties, St. Louis; it is called "La Polacca." Purdy again appeared in "How to Do a Landlord," last week. There is a great repetition of old acts at the Varieties, and our correspondent, "Copernicus," says the people are getting tired of them.

The following well-known artists are now open to engagements: the Wells Family, late of Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, consisting of Miss L. Wells and Miss Clara Wells, vocalists, Clark Wells, the great Western Ethiopian comedian, and Master Bobby, the boss of all the Bobbys and Tommys. See advertisement.

Alex. Ross, jig dancer, has been added to the company at the Bowery Music Hall, St. Louis. Hank Mason, who is also there, offers to dance a reel, jig, or break-down, with any other man, for from $100 to $1,000. Man and money ready at the Bowery, St. Louis

MISCELLANEOUS.

Prof. F. E. Garrett recently had a complimentary testimonial tendered to him by the citizens of Camden, N. J. He was ably assisted by artists of Philadelphia, among whom was Herr Engelke, chief of Jullien's orchestra, who performed a delicious morceau on the violincello. Mr. Garrett contemplates another voyage to Europe, where he obtained his tuition as a violinist.

The Alleghanians and Swiss Bell Ringers continued their singing, and their ringing, and their "tintinabulations of the bells," in Iowa, at last accounts. They were in Iowa City last week, and the *Press*, of that city, noticing their arrival, says:—"In common with all other good people of Iowa City, musical or unmusical, we take the biggest kind of pleasure in announcing that the Alleghanians, the sweetest of modern minstrels, will give one concert—we wish it were more—in the city on Monday evening next, at Metropolitan Hall. After years of travel, during which they have visited most of the habitable and not a little of the uninhabitable globe, they have wisely concluded to 'tour' it through the grand Northwest, and a bouncing welcome are they receiving—and nowhere will it be more so, we venture to predict, than in this right smart but unassuming little village of Iowa City. Having added to the artistic harmonies of their quartette, the enchanting music of the 'Swiss Bells,' their entertainments have become more agreeable and popular than ever, and everybody, old and young, clear down to the little folks, should go and hear them by all means. It will certainly pay."

Mrs. H. Nina Smith, an essayist on female education, and Miss Helen M. Dresser, "who has lectured in every province of North America, and every city of the United States," were delivering a course of lectures on Courtship and Marriage, etc., at Lecture Hall, Quebec, last week. On the 6th, Mrs. Smith's subject was Maiden, Wife, and Mother. It don't say whether gentlemen were allowed to be present or not. Miss Dresser was to have had her little say on the 8th. She is said to be the "youngest lecturer living, and has within four years spoken to over 1,000 audiences." All right, if it is so, but *we* never heard much of the youthful Dresser.

The Polopticorama of the War (Clapp, Stanley & Co.'s) was on exhibition last week at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh, commencing on Monday, the 6th.

The Holman Troupe opened at New Haven on the 6th, to a full house, and continued through the week. From the Elm City they proceeded to Hartford, and thence go to New London, Norwich, etc., opening at the New Tremont, Boston, the 18th of May.

Carter's Zouave Troupe were at Newark, Ohio, on the 6th and 7th, and their stands from there include Steubenville, Wheeling, Zanesville, Columbus, Springfield, Dayton, etc. There are now sixteen in the company, so that the Carter has a pretty strong team to manage. Some of the towns in Ohio are not very "engaging" for show people. Mansfield is one of them. When Carter's pretty Zouaves performed there, they found the following written "notice" in the ticket office:—"Any company found guilty of taking $40 for one night's receipts, will be sent to the Penitentiary." The Zouaves went five dollars better on their second night, but got out of town before the "law" was enforced. Mt. Vernon is another one horse show town. In Mansfield, five dollars per night is the license fee, and in Mt. Vernon, the "disorderlies" have the best of the police, and annoy all who attempt to perform there.

The giantess, who some time since left New York for San Francisco, with Mr. Pridham, had arrived out, and was to commence exhibiting her giantific proportions on the 16th March, at the new theatre, San Francisco.

Montreal is a real mountain of strength to ladies and gentlemen of the profession, at certain seasons of the year; and many go there to recuperate financially and physically during the summer solstice. This reminds us that the Theatre Royal in that "anciente citye" is to be let, but *not* for dramatic entertainments. For the truth of the above, we refer to Manager Buckland's advertisement in this issue.

The Illinois Fat Girl is on exhibition at the Chicago Museum, as it is called. Her age, it is sweet sixteen; and a hearty-looking sweet sixteener she is, weighing over five hundred pounds, *and still growing*. The rest of the "Museum" is somewhat of the Artemus Ward persuasion, being life-like wax representations of all the "Union Generals," including Jeff. Davis, Beauregard, and the "What Is It?"

Teresa Carreno, the little girl pianist, was in Havana at last accounts.

A lad of ten years, named Francisco Sola, was attracting a good deal of attention in Havana, by his arithmetical calculations. He is said to be a juvenile lightning calculator.

Tom Thumb and Thumbess showed in Brooklyn last week, but Barney Williams and *his* wife knocked the calculations of the dwarfs into next week, their soirees being slimly attended.

The Doane and Hayward combination appeared in Franklin, Mass., on the 8th inst., and at Wrentham, Mass., on the 9th inst. On the 11th, they were announced for Woonsocket, R. I., their route now being through Rhode Island and Connecticut. The entertainments given by this couple must be very remunerative, for they are generally well patronized, and are not very expensive.

Billy Munger, leader of the Old Gent's Band, New Haven, Conn., whose failing health will oblige him to give up his position, is to receive a complimentary soiree and benefit in Music Hall, April 22d.

The Hutchinson Family of the "Tribe of Asa," advertise a concert in Brewster Hall, New Haven, Conn., April 15th.

The Mendelssohn Society, of New Haven, Conn., a chorus of one hundred and twenty-five voices, assisted by J. R. Thomas, of New York, perform Haydn's oratorio of "The Creation," in Music Hall, April 13th.

The Holman National Opera Troupe, under engagement to Myers, of Providence, opened in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., April 6th, for five nights, with, we are sorry to say, not very flattering success. On the 7th, the manager leased the hall to the junior class of Yale College, for their annual exhibition, for a valuable consideration.

Clapp & Co.'s Panorama of the War is doing fairly at Masonic Hall, Pittsburgh.

Jas. E. Murdoch is to give three readings in Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, commencing April 14th.

Sig. Blitz announces the present as his last week in Philadelphia. The Signor is, and has always been, a great favorite in that city, with old and young, and his entertainments never fail to please.

The Wednesday afternoon concerts of the Orchestral Union, Boston, (ninth season) are announced for continuance, at Tremont Temple, until further notice.

Madame Anna Bishop is up for a complimentary concert at Tremont Temple, Boston, on Sunday evening, the 19th inst., when she will be aided by the talent of Miss Fitch, Mrs. M. C. Smith, Mr. H. M. Whitney, Mr. R. Rudolphson, Mr. Frank Howard, and a grand orchestra. This concert was announced for the 11th, but was postponed on account of Madame Bishop's illness.

"A musical convention" is announced by Prof. Bancroft, to commence on April 14th, and close with a grand concert on the evening of the 16th, at Knox's Corners, near Utica, N. Y.

Father Kemp's Old Folks had very good business during their stay in St. Louis. They finished there on the 4th inst.

The Young Ladies Union Aid Society, of St. Louis, repeated their performance of "Satan in Columbia's Dominions," on the 6th and 7th.

There seems to be a rage for what the showmen would call "pretty pictures," at Boston, just now. Not to particularize minor objects, they have at Tremont Temple, the Stereoscopticon, consisting of the "world illuminated," "history illustrated," and "science triumphant," and counting more than sixty views. Perham's Seven Mile Mirror of Niagara Scenery is yet "unfolding" at the Melodeon; and Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains, about which so much has been said *pro* and *con*, shows for the first time this (Monday) evening, the 13th inst., at the Studio Building, Tremont street.

A novel entertainment is to be given in the Philadelphia Academy of Music, on the 21st. It is to be a trial of skill in the Elocutionary Art, by three pupils of Philip Lawrence, of Philadelphia, against three pupils of J. B. Brown, of New York. The proceeds are for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.

Jennie Engle maintains her good name at Lea's Melodeon, Baltimore, where she is an established favorite. Mulligan, too, keeps up his end, creating roars of laughter by his eccentricities.

Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, takes first rank among the concert halls of that city, and never sends its visitors away disappointed in the least. Applause, shouts, and laughter, all testify to the merits of the company, of which Barry Collins, Fattie Stewart, Nellie Howard, and the charmers of the ballet are the "lights." Altogether, there are more than a couple of "baker's dozens" engaged here, and it would be hard if they did not come up to the mark. So far from not doing that, they go beyond it a great way—are, in fact, tip-top in their style.

The Continental, Philadelphia, under the management of Fred. Aims, puts forth a galaxy of attractions for the current week, consisting of vocalization, clog dancing, Ethiopian comedy, ballet, and ever so many good things, all of which are "dished up" in their appropriate style by the clever folks to whom they are entrusted. Prominent among the feminines, we recognize Fanny Forrest, Kitty Blanchard, and Julia Price; while the *hes* show us Harry Kelly, the clog dancer; Denny Gallagher, W. S. Budworth, and several more of equal renown, who do the "black" business to perfection.

The great Chiriski, now performing at the New Idea, New York, and about to conclude his engagement there, sends forth a challenge, as will be seen on reference to our advertising columns, to the world or "any other man," to do as good juggling on the stage, as he (Chiriski) can do on the slack wire. Who will take up the gage?

Mlle. Marie Zoe, the premier danseuse, and Prof. Ben Yates, the ballet master, pantomimist, and character dancer, are willing to treat for engagements with managers of theatres and music halls throughout the States and Canadas. For full particulars, see the advertisement of the parties, in our present issue.

AMATEUR.

SEVERAL PROMINENT AMATEURS, in conjunction with the J. W. Collier D. A., intend raising a subscription for the purpose of having the remains of John T. Reville removed from their present place of rest (Newport News,) to this city for interment. It will be borne in mind that Mr. R., up to the time of his enlistment with the 79th N. Y. S. M., was the main and only support of an aged father and mother, who by his loss are rendered entirely destitute. We trust that our amateurs will consider this matter, and render whatever aid may be in their power. T. Wallace Keene has already subscribed ten dollars. Let this generous act receive emulation.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Carlotta Patti arrived in Liverpool, from New York, on the 2d of March. She is already being "worked up" very high, the papers saying that "her voice is the highest soprano ever known, reaching to G sharp in *alt.*, and her effects chiefly produced in the octave from G to G." Gee up, Patti.

John Henry Cooke had returned to London from Lisbon; he was to open with Hengler's Circus, in Edinburgh, on the 6th inst.

J. Pike, who heralds himself as the "Great American Silver Belt Prize Jig Dancer," is at Middleboro. We have never before heard of this "American" Pike.

Hales, the Norfolk Giant, at present hails from North Shields. He is said to stand nearly eight feet in height, and weighs a quarter of a ton. Prodigious!

Miss Fanny Kemble, after an absence of six years from London, was to re-appear in public on the 6th of April, commencing a series of readings.

A lion tamer of Brussels, named Hermann, has answered a challenge sent forth by M. Crockett, of the Cirque, in Paris. Hermann says—"I will not only enter the den of your six lions, but propose to you to enter, if you dare, into the cage of my white bear. I will now go further. If you do not fear for your animals, I will introduce into their cage four other lions, two large bears, and two hyenas, and I will go in among them all. To do this I do not propose any sum, for my only object is to prove the power of man over an animal, however ferocious it may be. I hesitate at nothing. I am anxious to prove that I am no more intimidated by evidently outrageous puffs than by your six lions." Somebody will get hurt if these wild beast tamers fool too much with the animals, now mind.

The Harrison and Pyne English opera season closed in London, on the 21st ult. Taken all through, the speculation was not very satisfactory. Next year will terminate their lease of the Opera House, when they hope to be more successful.

Here is a sad account of the death of an actor. A few weeks ago a company of dramatists visited the Royal Old Wells, Cheltenham, and met with but poor success. One of them, a young Scotchman, named William Forbes, being left in a penniless condition, after the "gentleman" who took him to Cheltenham had "made off," engaged himself to a company of strolling players who pitched their tent at the rear of a public house in High street. His privations, however, had so preyed upon his constitution that he was removed to the Union Workhouse in a state of prostration. On Monday, March 23d, a relative from Swansea visited him, and expressed a desire to have him removed to private lodgings. He was accordingly borne by four men on a bed to a house in High street, accompanied by Dr. Bird, the medical officer of the Union. He had not been there more than five minutes when the poor fellow breathed his last. The facts were communicated to the Coroner, but that functionary did not deem it necessary to hold an inquest.

The Alhambra, London, is to be converted into a circus of the most extensive character, after the style of Franconi's, Circue Napoleon, etc.

Another composer dead. Charles W. Glover, brother to Mr. Stephen Glover, died in London on the 23d ult., of paralysis. He leaves a widow and three children. He was composer of the popular piece of "Jeanette and Jeanotte."

An old stager gone. Died March 21st, Robt. Fowler, aged 84. He was carpenter and machinest at the theatre Royal, Weymouth, for many years, and could speak of the days when George the Third was king. The changing scenes of life were portrayed by him before his Majesty and *suite*, the Princess Charlotte, the Duchess of St. Albans, and other distinguished visitors. That his services were appreciated may be shown from the circumstance that one evening, to prevent his being taken to sea by a press-gang, a suit of sailors' clothes was sent by the Lessee to his residence, to protect him on his way to the theatre. The deceased had the honor of lighting the king from his carriage to the theatre on the occasion of the royal visits, a privilege of which he was not a little proud at the period.

And yet another death in the profession. Charles Selby, actor and dramatist, died in London on the 21st ult., in his 62d year. The day before his death he wrote a letter to Mr. Sterling Coyne, taking leave of his old friends, with a kind remembrances to all. His remains were interred in Kensall Green Cemetery on the 26th ult.

Mary Ann, wife of John Thomas, lessee of the Cardiff and Swansea Theatres, died in Cardiff on the 21st ult., aged 41.

There was nothing fresh going on at the London Theatres, but with the close of Lent, some new attractions would be offered.

Mr. Keeley, who had been quite ill for some time past, has recovered.

A beginning towards the building of the new theatre in the Haymarket, London, had taken place, the tenants of the houses on the ground to be occupied, having been "warned" to get out. They got up, and got.

The Marchioness Gaetani (we know her best over here as Piccolimini, or little Piccol) is to appear at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in May, for Mr. Lumley.

See here. Among the items of expenses connected with the royal wedding, is the sum of nearly $15,000, to be voted by the House of Commons for throwing open the theatres to the public, free. They all had big houses on the gratuitous occasion.

Mad. Alboni made her last appearance in Paris on the 19th ult.

Jem Mace's Circus commenced the tenting season at Bradford, on the 30th ult.

Miss Helen Western commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Prince's Theatre, Glasgow, on the 23d ult., but business was rather light. Among other characters, she appeared as Miami, in Green Bushes.

Fowler & Wells were feeling people's heads in Dundee, and lecturing on phrenology. They were doing very well.

G. V. Brooke's farewell engagement in Liverpool was to close at the Royal Amphitheatre on the 4th of April.

The Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, was closed for repairs and alterations, to be ready for the reception of Sothern, who was to commence an engagement there shortly.

Christy's Minstrels are still on their provincial tour. At Manchester, they had brought out a new burlesque, called "The Bedouin Arabs, from the Sandy Deserts of New York;" the Arabs by G. W. Moore, Crocker, and Ritter. It is said to have created "much lafture."

Wonderful things are told of one Gianni Milli, an extemporaneous poetess, of Turin. It is said that, with the view of testing her powers, a certain set of rhymes and a particular rythm were given her, and that she versified on them with a beauty and facility which could only equal one another.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL.
514 BROADWAY, 514
Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel.
HENRY WOOD.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
MORE NOVELTIES, NEW FEATURES.
UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.
DELIGHTED AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES.
MONDAY, April 13, and every evening during the week,
WOOD'S MINSTRELS,
IN AN ENTIRE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.
R. R. E., OR TOO FAST FOR SAFETY,
DAMON AND PYTHIAS,
TALENT APPRECIATED,
THE SONS OF VULCAN,
BLIND MICE,
AFRICAN COUSINS,
ROBINSON CRUSOE, &c., &c., by
Charley Fox, Nelse Seymour,
Frank Brower, Cool White,
C. Henry, C. G. Lockwood,
J. W. Glenn, H. Schwicardi,
Isaacs Brothers, J. Garatagua, E. Haslam, J. Leis, M. Lewis,
Little Bobby, &c.,
Doors open at 7; commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
Cor. COURT & REMSEN STREETS.
R. M. HOOLEY.....Sole Proprietor.
E. BOWERS.....Director of Amusements.
T. B. PRENDERGAST.....Vocal Director.
Prof. STRAUB.....Instrumental Director.
MONDAY EVENING, April 13, and during the week
ANOTHER ENTIRE CHANGE
First week of the very laughable Farce called
THE OLD CLOCK;
OR, HERE SHE GOES AND THERE SHE GOES.
First week of the highly amusing Interlude called
THE VETERAN'S RETURN;
OR, THE DESERTED VILLAGE.
By E. Bowers and Archy Hughes.
First week of the side splitting act called
TEN PIN JOHNNY, by Hughes and Slocum.
First week of THE FOUR CACKLERS,
By Hughes, Bowers, Whiting and Slocum.
Prendergast, Herman, Bowers and Hunneman, in
New Songs, Ballads and Choruses.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, 1863.
By general request, MATILDA HERON will appear in her
WORLD RENOWNED CHARACTER OF
CAMILLE;
OR, THE FATE OF A COQUETTE,
Which revival can be positively for a
FEW NIGHTS ONLY.
Messrs. L. R. Shewell, J. W. Collier, G. Pecks, C. Kingsland, J. W. Blaisdell, Flood, &c.; Misses Mary Wells, De Lacy, J. R. Scott, J. Henry, in the cast of this
THRILLING AND EFFECTIVE DRAMA.
Musical Conductor.....HARVEY B. DODWORTH.
Mr. Wheatley takes much pleasure in announcing that he has arranged with Mr. COLLINS for the production at this Theatre of the
GREATEST EUROPEAN SUCCESS OF THE SEASON,
THE DUKE'S MOTTO.
Seats secured six days in advance.
Box Book open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Doors open at 7, to commence at a quarter before 8 o'clock.

AMUSEMENTS.

FIRST ANNUAL TOUR
OF THE NEW MONSTER
EQUESCURRICULUM,
An establishment entirely novel and original in construction,
SUPERIOR IN EVERY SPECIALTY,
And including the following
IMMENSE AND UNPARALLELED COMBINATION, viz:
I.
CUSHING'S MAMMOTH CIRCUS,
(Lately Howes & Cushing's Royal Circus) from the Alhambra Place, Leicester Square, London:
II.
JOE PENTLAND'S CIRCUS,
From the Academy of Music, Boston, and, immediately from the Pacific coast:
III.
LENT'S NATIONAL CIRCUS,
From Niblo's Garden, New York:
IV.
WALLACE'S TROUPE OF ACTING BEARS,
From California:
V.
DERR'S EDUCATED SACRED BULL,
From Hindostan:
VI.
THE WONDERFUL LEAPING BUFFALOES,
From the Prairies of the Far West:
VII.
PROFESSOR LANGWORTHY'S
CORPS OF PERFORMING DOGS AND MONKEYS,
From all parts of the World:
Comprising
SEVEN DISTINCT EXHIBITIONS,
ALL UNDER ONE GIGANTIC PAVILLION,
FOR ONE SINGLE PRICE OF ADMISSION.
The whole under the immediate direction of
L. B. LENT.....Manager.

NOTICE.

It will be seen that the combination above given results in AN ENTIRELY NEW CLASS OF AMUSEMENT, Such as has never before been attempted by private enterprise, and entails such an enormous expenditure of money that only the most liberal patronage can render it remunerative. The management will therefore be pardoned for directing public attention to the fact that this
MAGNIFICENT PHALANX OF EXHIBITIONS
Combines not only an infinitely greater degree of
NOVELTY, VARIETY AND EFFECT
Within itself than can be found in any other place of Amusement in the world, but also a nearer approach to
PERFECTION IN EVERY DETAIL.
For instance, the three Circuses include by far
THE MOST TALENTED ARRAY OF EQUESTRIANS, VAULTERS, ATHLETES, JUGGLERS, ACROBATS, POSTURE MASTERS, etc., etc., To be found together in any Institution upon either side of the Atlantic, while the
COMBINED COLLECTION
OF HIGHLY TRAINED HORSES, PONIES AND MULES,
Include a larger number in the aggregate, and more beautiful, and wonderfully educated individuals of each species, than can be found in any or all other Equestrian Exhibitions.
In regard to the features peculiar to this Establishment, of course there is no room for comparison, and it can only be said that they will be found
AS PLEASING AND SATISFACTORY
AS THEY ARE NEW AND ATTRACTIVE.

WALLACE'S TROUPE OF ACTING BEARS
Are LIVING representatives of the Ursine Tribes of California, and introduced in the Arena, appropriately costumed, give imitations of different phases of human character, such as the Politician, the Patriot, the Drunkard, the Lover, the Soldier, etc., etc., the various *roles* being combined into
AN INTERESTING DRAMA, ACTED BY LIVING BEARS,
"Brought out with appropriate wardrobe and appointments," and most unquestionably "with an unprecedented cast of characters."

DERR'S EDUCATED SACRED BULL,
From Hindostan, would be considered a great attraction simply as a Zoological curiosity, but it is for the rare intelligence displayed by the animal, and the astonishing nature of its feats that it finds a prominent place among the attractions of the Equescurriculum.

THE LEAPING BUFFALOES,
Present another entirely novel performance, and after witnessing their tremendous bounds and flights over apparently insurmountable barriers placed in their way, the spectator will be prepared to appreciate and believe the extraordinary stories of their strength, swiftness, agility and endurance told by travelers. Professor Langworthy's corps of
PERFORMING DOGS AND MONKEYS,
Are the *farceurs* of the Equescurriculum. The indescribable gravity with which they enact their various scenes only adds to the absurdity of their efforts, and they may safely be pronounced more exaggerated caricatures of humanity than have ever been conceived in the brain of the most extravagant humorist.

In addition to the above
EXTRAORDINARY FEATURES,
There will be presented wherever the Equescurriculum exhibits,
BOTH AFTERNOON AND EVENING,
THE MOST BRILLIANT PROGRAMME OF
NEW, WONDERFUL, AND EXCITING ARENA FEATS
Ever offered upon this Continent, the full strength of the
THREE GREAT TROUPES OF
STAR PERFORMERS,
Appearing in determined, but
FRIENDLY CONTEST,
To gain the Palm of Superiority for
DARING DEEDS OF HORSEMANSHIP,
AND
UNEQUALLED ATHLETIC ACHIEVEMENTS.
Foremost among the
GALAXY OF STARS,
Included in the Triple Company, will be found the
VERITABLE AND INIMITABLE
JOE PENTLAND,
"THE JESTER SHAKESPERE DREW,"
Whose popularity in Great Britain, the Atlantic States, California, and the Canadas, is as unparalleled as it is universal, and who is justly entitled to the appellation long since bestowed upon him, of
THE MODERN TOUCHSTONE.
The name of Mr. Pentland will be a sufficient guarantee that the comicalities of the circle will be divested of the objectionable features which have at times rendered Circus performances obnoxious; that visitors will find abundant food for mirth without being compelled to listen to gross thoughts expressed in execrable English, or bored with meaningless disquisitions upon subjects inappropriate to the place and occasion; but, that on the contrary they may be amused without being disgusted while enjoying the incomparable drolleries of the only clown of the present day worthy to wear the
MANTLE OF GRIMALDI!

PRINCIPAL EQUESTRIAN ARTISTES.

MAD'LLE VIRGINIE,	W. C. MORGAN,
JAMES MADIGAN,	W. A. DONOVAN,
THOMAS KING,	CHARLES MADIGAN,
MONS. ROCHELLE,	CHARLES SHAY,
WILLIAM DUCROW,	W. R. DERR,
ADOLPHE GONZALES,	H. FORREST.

THE CORPS GYMNASTIQUE,
Is Unapproachable either in regard to Talent or Extent, and will be enabled to present every variety of
LEAPING, VAULTING, TUMBLING,
AND
ACROBATIC EXERCISES,
Including the celebrated acts
THE FLYING TRAPEZE A LA LEOTARD,
L' ECHELLE PERILLEUSE,
LA PERCHE EQUIPOISE,
LE DOUBLE TRAPEZE,
THE DOUBLE SOMERSAULT,
LA CORDE VOLANTE,
etc., etc., etc.,
Together with
ORIGINAL CLASSIC GROUPINGS,
POSES AND KALEIDESCOPIC TABLEAUX,
In a manner far surpassing anything of the kind hitherto attempted in this country.

A REMARKABLE DISPLAY OF
SAGACITY AND THOROUGH TRAINING
Will be given by the
SUPERB IRISH HORSES
MONITOR AND ABDALLAH,
THE DIMINUTIVE PONIES
WICKED WILL, ROBIN GRAY, AND CUPID,
AND
THE COMIC MULES
JIM CROW AND DAN TUCKER.

For further Particulars of this
NEW MONSTER ENTERTAINMENT,
SEE LARGE AND SMALL BILLS.

N. B. Notwithstanding the incalculable expense attendant upon this
ENORMOUS COMBINATION OF NOVELTIES,
The price of admission will be
ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS,
Without distinction of age, to all parts of the Mammoth Pavillion.

THE EQUESCURRICULUM WILL EXHIBIT AT

ELIZABETH CITY, N. J.		Monday, April 20th;
NEWARK,	do	Tuesday, 21st;
MORRISTOWN,	do	Wednesday, 22d;
NORTH ORANGE,	do	Thursday. 23d;
HACKENSACK,	do	Friday, 24th;
HOBOKEN,	do	Saturday, 25th. 1-

AMESEMENTS.

NEW BOWERY THEATRE.
Sole Proprietor.....MR. J. W. LINGARD.
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 13, and every night,
THE GREAT TRIUMPH.
THE GORGEOUS SPECTACLE OF
SATANAS; OR, THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY,
Abounding in Wonderful Transformations and Sublime Effects, with the closing scene of
THE REVOLVING TEMPLE; OR, THE ABODE OF THE NAIADS,
A Scene of Surpassing Beauty and Grandeur, and pronounced by every beholder to be the
MOST MAGNIFICENT SCENIC ILLUSTRATION,
Creating the wildest enthusiasm and delight, and acknowledged to be the
CROWNING TRIUMPH OF DRAMATIC EFFECTS
Ever presented to the Public of New York.
THE CAST will be one of unexampled talent and professional ability, embracing—MR. G. C. BONIFACE, MRS. W. G. JONES, Mr. Geo. Brookes, Miss Fanny Denham, Mr. W. Marden, Miss Hathaway, &c., &c.; together with all the essential adjuncts for which this immense Theatre and its great resources are so justly celebrated Each evening the Spectacle will be preceded by a sparkling Comedy, and conclude with a stirring Drama.
Tuesday, April 14,—Benefit of JOHN NUNAN. 1-

WINTER GARDEN.
In consequence of the crowds who have gathered, the last few nights, to witness Miss Western's thrilling impersonations of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, in the sensation play of
EAST LYNNE,
EAST LYNNE,
and the desire expressed by many for its repetition, it will be presented for
ONE NIGHT MORE,
MONDAY, APRIL 13th,
FOR
THE BENEFIT
THE BENEFIT
Of the young and beautiful
LUCILLE WESTERN. 1-1t

DETROIT,
LATE
BELLER'S CONCERT HALL,
THE OLD DRURY OF THE WEST,
And the only place that has always withstood the storm, is
AGAIN OPEN,
And meeting with
MERITED SUCCESS.
The following are among the
BRILLIANT STAR PERFORMERS
now performing at this house.
MISS E. WARD,
MISS W. BLAIR,
MILLE ANNETTE,
MISS FANNY MAY,
MISS KITTY LEE,
MISS LAURA LECLAIRE,
MISS EFFIE DALTON,
MLLE CARRIE EDGAR,
MRS. P. H. SEAMON,
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
DAN SHELBY,
P. H. SEAMON,
CHAS. E. DOBSON,
CHARLES COVELLI,
JAMES RYLEY,
PETER HONTZ & FAMILY,
JOSH HART,
F. N. SPEIGH,
J. DUMAR,
W. SMITH,
WM. CONSTANCE.
ARTISTS of all descriptions of acknowledged ability will find it to their advantage to address
JOSH. HART & ANTONIO BRETTZ, Proprietors,
Box 247, Detroit, Mich.
P. S. None but first class Talent need apply.
1-1t*&tf C. COVELLI, Stage Manager.

TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES, PITTSBURGH, PA.
Sole Lessee and Manager.....DICK O'NEIL.
The company consists of the following Ladies and Gentlemen:
MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
MISS IDA ROSS,
MISS FANNY ARCHER,
MISS FRANK WILSON,
MISS SALLIE DUVAL,
M'LLE ST. JULIAN,
LA PETITE HELOISE,
J. S. MAFFITT,
W. H. BARTHOLOMEW,
LEW SIMMONS,
MASTER BARNEY,
O. P. PERRY,
H. STRATE.
M. WARD,
I. A. LENTON.
MASTER MORRISSEY,
GEORGE GERMAIN,
And the
CELEBRATED COLUMBIAN BAND.
Stage Manager.....J. S. MAFFITT.
Leader of Orchestra.....N. TOERGE.
Communications from the profession solicited. Address
D. O'NEIL,
1-2t* Box 1348, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HALE'S THEATRICAL CIRCUIT.
GEO. HALE.....Manager. | CHAS. J. FYFFE., Stage Manager
Embracing the Cities of
SPRINGFIELD, PEORIA, and QUINCY, Illinois; DAVENPORT, KEOKUK, and BURLINGTON, Iowa.
The First Season of Five Months closes on 30th April. The Second Season of Five Months opens May 1st.
WANTED.—A SINGING CHAMBERMAID, FIRST WALKING LADY, JUVENILE LADY, WALKING GENT, LOW COMEDIAN, and two good Utility People. Salaries Prompt.
Address CHAS. FYFFE, Stage Manager,
1-1t* Box 515, Davenport, Iowa.

AT HOPE CHAPEL, 720 BROADWAY,
MAC EVOY'S GRAND PICTORIAL & MUSICAL EXHIBITION,
THE HIBERNICON: OR, A TOUR IN IRELAND.
The Musical Illustrations by the MISSES MARIE, KATE, and THERESA MAC EVOY. Also by MASTER S. MAC EVOY, the Popular young Irish Vocalist. Admission 25 cents; Doors open at 7; Commences at 7½. 1-

CARD TO MANAGERS.
MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
The great Original Characteristic Comedienne and Vocalist, will be at liberty to accept short starring engagements from the 27th of April. Letters to be addressed
D. O'NEIL,
1-3t* Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa.

METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
BUFFALO.
JOHN H. MEECH.....Manager.
The regular dramatic season will commence May 4. First class stars desiring engagements, will please address as above, or to
1-4t CHAS. S. BERNARD, No. 486 Broadway, N. Y.

NATIONAL THEATRE,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
DORVAL & CO.....Lessees.
The above elegant and most complete theatre in the United States, will open on the 27th of April, with a first class company, in a varied entertainment, embracing the following branches:
MINSTRELS, BALLET AND PANTOMIME.
Notice.—Artists desirous of engagements, will address as above. 1-3t*

THE WELLS FAMILY, late of Fox's Casino, Philadelphia, consisting of the following talented Artists: MISS L. WELLS, and MISS CLARA WELLS, the Charming Vocalists, and CLARK WELLS, the Great Western Ethiopian Comedian, and MASTER BOBBY, the Boss OF ALL THE BOBBY'S AND TOMMY'S, are open for engagement with responsible Managers. All letters addressed to their Sole Agents, JAS. CONNER & CO., 614½ Broadway. 1-1t

MRS. JAMES NIXON, the popular equestrienne, and her daughter, Miss Frank Nixon, the beautiful danseuse, are now prepared to negotiate with managers of circuses, with her two celebrated trick and manege horses, McClellan and Burnside. Mrs. N. has no objections to managers using her name if required. All letters must be addressed to my sole agents, James Connor & Co., 614½ Broadway. MRS. J. M. NIXON. 1-1t

THE GREAT CHIRISKI, now performing at the "New Idea," Broadway, New York, concludes his engagement this week. SIGNOR ALBERTIO CHIRISKI challenges the world, or any other man, to do as good juggling on the stage as he, Chiriski, can do on the slack wire. Managers wishing to secure the above artist, must apply to his sole agents, JAS. CONNOR & CO., 614½ Broadway. 1-1t

CLAPP, STANLEY & Co.'s, Monster Illuminated
POLOPTICOMORAMA OF THE PRESENT WAR,
Is about leaving New York for a tour in the West, visiting the principal cities.
Managers of Theatres wishing to negotiate for summer months, can address W. B. CLAPP, 197 Broadway. 1-1t

M'LLE. MARIE ZOE, the Premiere Danseuse, and **MONS. BEN YATES,** the Celebrated Ballet Master, Pantomimist, and Character Dancer, are now prepared to accept Star Engagements with responsible managers of Theatres and Music Halls throughout the UNITED STATES and CANADAS. All letters must be addressed to our Sole Agents, JAMES CONNER & CO., 614½ Broadway, N. Y. MARIE ZOE and B. YATES. 1-1t

AMUSEMENTS.

CARD.—After a successful tour of three months through the West, Mr. O'NEIL has now settled down at TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES. Mr. O'Neil begs to return his thanks to all members of the Novelty Troupe for their admirable performances, and as ladies and gentlemen. D. O'NEIL, Trimble's Varieties.
Pittsburgh, Pa., April 10, 1863. 1-1t*

WANTED.—The Address of the Scotchman who had the Trained Horse "Sir William" at the World's Horse Fair, Chicago, last Fall. Address TRAINER, Box 1523, Chicago, Ill. 1-2t

DANIEL WORCESTER, Actor, late of the Bowery Theatre, is requested to send his address to this office. 1-1t

CRICKET.

CRICKET AT THE CENTRAL PARK.—Recent visits to the grounds laid out for cricket within this fashionable enclosure, lead to the opinion that they are in good condition, or might soon be made so, for play; and it is a great pity that some first-class match, that would enlist public attention, cannot be played thereon, as a sort of inaugurative celebration. About the only one that we can think of, under existing affairs, is the match, New York vs. St. George. The only objection existing now to a meeting, is that the latter wish to charge an admission fee to the match played on their ground. With all due deference to the gentlemen of the club, we submit that the cricket, though good, is not sufficiently good here, to make such a charge. Furthermore, we should think that a club of gentlemen, playing for their own amusement, would scorn to classify themselves with professionals by so doing. However, as a sort of honorable compromise, and as a maintenance of the respective actuating principles of the two clubs, (for of course it is not individual aggrandizement that is the prevailing motive of the gentlemen of the St. George eleven) suppose the two clubs arrange a match for an early day, to take place at the Central Park, and issue subscription tickets for privileged seats, etc., the proceeds to be appropriated for the benefit of some charitable object, such as the Lancashire Operatives' Fund; Relief of Ireland; Sanitary Commission; or for sick and indigent soldiers. What think you of the proposition, gentlemen of the St. George and New York? Our hearty co-operation can be relied on.

UNITED STATES VS. CANADA.—The former are indebted to the latter in the way of a return match to be played in Canada. Under the financial pressure now existing, "our eleven" cannot be brought together in sufficient strength and force to undertake such a campaign. It is thought by some, however, that the Canadians might be induced to come here, upon the promise of playing two matches at the same time in Canada, when prosperity shall once more reign. We hope the Canadians will report favorably.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB SPRING MEETING.—The annual spring meeting of this club will take place at the House of Lords, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, on Wednesday evening, 15th inst., at 7½ o'clock precisely. Election of officers and fixing an opening day, is part of the business to be transacted. In consequence of the sickness of the secretary, who is in Massachusetts, the books cannot be obtained; all members not receiving a notice, therefore, will please accept this as an invitation to attend.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB VS. ALL MASSACHUSETTS.—The match between these two elevens is likely to take place at Hoboken this season. Good!

BALL PLAY.

THE STAR CLUB, OF BROOKLYN.—On Monday, April 6th, the Stars, of Brooklyn, opened the ball of 1863, by a game on their grounds at Carroll Park, which was participated in by members of the several prominent clubs of Brooklyn, among whom were Flanly, Whiting, and McKenzie, of the Excelsior; Sprague and Reach, of the Eckford; Clyne, of the Charter Oak; and Dr. Bell and Dalton, of the Henry Eckford. Some excellent play was shown all round, and a lively time was had, some two or three hundred spectators being on the ground. We append the score:

BATTING.

	H.L.	RUNS		H.L.	RUNS
Waddell, 1st b	3	2	Skaak, p	3	1
Mitchell, c	5	1	McCullough, c	2	3
B Chilton, p	5	2	Whiting, 2d b	3	2
Doty, 3d b	3	3	Sprague, 1st b	3	0
Galpin, 2d b	2	3	Dr Bell, s s	3	0
Flanly, s s	4	0	G Chilton, 3d b	3	0
Clyne, l f	1	4	Murray, r f	4	0
Reach, c f	1	4	Dalton, c f	3	1
Lennon, r f	3	1	McKenzie, l f	3	1
Total	20		Total		8

INNINGS.

Waddell nine	2	0	0	1	4	4	4	4	1—20
Skaak nine	3	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	2— 8

Umpire—G. Chappell

LIFE OR DEATH,
A TEXAN RANGER'S BEST SHOT.

Wilson and Cameron stood apart from their companions. With folded arms and thoughtful faces, they watched the shadows of night stealing over lake and chapperal.

"An hour like this casts a spell upon my spirit," said Cameron. "I love to see the glare of day fade and give place to the dim, placid twilight."

I have similar feelings," replied Wilson, "but I like night best when advanced toward the small hours, and the moon and stars are brightly beaming."

Cameron made no reply, and the parties remained silent. Wilson was the first to speak.

"That's a heavy rifle of yours," he said, glancing at the weapon upon which Cameron was leaning. "I dare say it has been of service to you in its time?"

"No money could induce me to part with it, because I have proved its metal on various occasions. Did I ever tell you of an adventure I once had upon the Red River?"

"You never did; I should like to hear it," said Wilson.

Several years ago," resumed Cameron, "I was hunting near Cross Timbers, not far from Red River. The Indians were then troublesome, and frequently committed their depredations on the frontier settlements; but I was fond of hunting, and cared little for them, willing to trust to my own courage and ingenuity in any emergency that might occur. I carried this same rifle, and was called one of the best shots in the country.

"Many people said the piece was too heavy for common use; but I was used to it, and it didn't feel burdensome to me—and when I fired, it was sure to do the right thing, for what animal could carry off an ounce and a half of lead, skilfully sped on its errand? Having discovered Indian signs one day, I thought it best to change my hunting-ground, and so put a considerable distance between me and the spot, and encamped on a wide prairie, bounded on the east by the Cross Timbers. Not long after this event, I was sitting on the bank of a small stream, resting my weary limbs after a long and fatiguing hunt, when I was fired upon and slightly wounded.

"I was fortunate enough to discover the marksman, who proved to be an Indian, of what tribe I do not remember. I instantly shot him dead, and then perceived that he was not alone, for one of his brethren was with him, who made his escape. Time passed on, and I was undisturbed in my amusements for a long time.

"One day, not feeling very well, I returned to my camp sooner than usual. I laid down to sleep, but could not. I felt uneasy and nervous, and so arose and went on the prairie. The grass was not very tall, and the hot sun of the season had dried it until it was crispy, and rattled as I walked through it. I ascended a gentle swell and looked around me. The scene was a grand one. On one hand were the Cross Timbers dimly seen in the distance, resembling a dense wall of wood built by human hands, while in every direction the prairie stretched away until lost in the distance. The sun was getting low, and looked like a sunset on the sea. As my eyes wandered from point to point, they were suddenly fixed upon a solitary figure several hundred yards distant, at the foot of the long swell or roll upon which I was standing.

"He stood in open space; and I at first wondered how that could be, as the grass was so high in every other place; but the affair soon explained itself. More careful examination showed me that the solitary object was an Indian, and his manifest object in packing up the dry grass was to set fire to the prairie! It was doubtless the same fellow that escaped at the time I had been fired on. He had discovered my retreat, and was about to revenge himself in a singular manner.

"The wind was fresh towards me, and if the grass had been set on fire, no power on earth could have saved me, for the fleetest horse could not run fast enough to escape from its devouring flames. A terrible dread of that kind of death came over me. I stood like one fascinated, and gazed at the preparation of the savage. He stood in the middle of the open space he had made, with a blazing torch in his hand. Innumerable thoughts rushed through my mind in an instant of time. I was never so completely paralysed and stupified in my life. The power of thought seemed to be the only power left me, and that was stimulated to an unnatural degree. The past, present, and future, were reviewed and speculated upon in that brief and broken fragment of time in which the savage stood waiting for the brand to burn more brightly, before he thrust it into the grass. Yes, my destiny was to be burned! Some hunter or traveler would find my body charred or blackened; and others, after a time, would pass my bones bleaching in the sun.

"You must remember that all these ideas ran through my mind in the shortest appreciable space of time; for you must know that the sudden prospect of great danger, from which there is no apparent mode of escape, imparts to the brain a horrible faculty of thought, of which the mind at rest can form no possible conception. I closed my eyes in prayer, and commended my soul to God; but it was impossible for me to close my eyes against the one great absorbing idea in my mind—that of being burnt up like the vile reptile that crawls in the woods.

"My lids unloosed, and as they did so, my eyes rested upon my trusty rifle; it was the first time I had thought of it, for the distance was great between me and the enemy; but now it looked like an old friend—the only one that had the power to save me.

"I embraced the thought that the sight of my rifle called up a species of joy which is nearly overpowered by an agonizing feeling. One chance still remained; a small chance, it is true, but still a chance; and despair cannot paralyse and subdue the heart while one faint hope remains. I lifted the instrument upon which hung my destiny. As my glance ran over the intervening distance, I felt how desperate, indeed, was my prospect of life, for a hundred of good marksmen might try their skill in vain in aiming at an object so far off. Then I remembered that my weapon was of an uncommon calibre and weight, and would throw a ball farther than any I had ever seen. I recollected, also, that I had loaded it that very day with uncommon care, and for a long shot.

"The Indian moved the torch, and was about to apply it to the combustible materials; there was no time to lose. The rifle came to my shoulder quick and firm, and I braced my nerves for a steady aim with a strong effort of the will. I looked through the double sights, and the muzzle covered the Indian's head. My heart seemed to stop beating, held in the grasp of that terrible suspense. It was but an instant—then the rifle sent an ounce and a half of lead on its mission, with a crack that was unusually loud and sharp, and a recoil which threw me back a few paces.

"The smoke curled away, but I dared not look. I passed my hand slowly across my forehead, for my brain was throbbing painfully. Every moment I expected to be greeted by the dense smoke of the burning prairie, and to hear the hissing of the burning flame; but nothing of that kind occurred, and I ventured to look toward the spot where the savage had stood with his torch; I took courage, reloaded my rifle, and hastily walked toward the place. I reached it—the Indian lay upon his back, the brand, half-extinguished, lay beside him; an ounce and a half of lead through his head. I sank down, overpowered with gratitude and the various emotions which such an incident was calculated to inspire.

"This was the greatest shot I ever made, and probably shall never equal it again.

"Can you wonder that I am so attached to this rifle?"

"Not at all!" said the captain, earnestly. "I should never part with it, if it was mine!"

ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.

It is a difficult matter to account for the dislike that some persons have been known to entertain for those things which are pleasing in themselves, and generally admired; yet many are the instances upon record of such unaccountable antipathies, that no exertion of the mind is ever capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance of the brave Marquis de la Roche Jacquelin, who, though he stood undaunted in the field of slaughter, could never help trembling and turning pale at the sight of the harmless squirrel. He was the first to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary terror. Charming as the rose is to most people, yet we are told of several persons—such as Cardinals Cordona and Caraffa, of a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbage and Lady Heneage, one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth—who swooned at the mere sight of this beautiful flower. There was once a family in Aquitaine that entertained so great an aversion to apples that the mere sight of one set their noses a bleeding. The very least particle of olive oil introduced into any dish, and however well disguised, was so obnoxious to a Count of Darmstadt, that he was immediately seized with fainting fits. There are many animals—such as mice and rats, beetles, cats, etc—that have been objects of terror to many persons, but the dog is generally beloved as a faithful friend of man, yet we are informed by Bartholus, that he knew a stout, hearty man, and one of a bold and courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, no matter how small, without immediately shaking with apprehension, and being seized with convulsive trembling in his left arm, and in his hand. In a physical point of view, aversion to individuals of our own species is of rare occurrence; and however some men may detest the moral character of their fellow men, they do not object to his external appearance. A curious antipathy is, however, mentioned by Weinrithius:—"There was a person of a noble family, who was not able to bear that an old woman should look upon him; and being once drawn out by force from his supper to look upon such, that which was only intended for merriment, as to him, ended in death, for he fell down and died on the spot." The terror felt by some persons at various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Thunder and lightning are often greatly dreaded. Augustus was so much alarmed at these meteors that he carried about him the skin of a calf—then thought to be an excellent guard against lightning; and during a thunder storm he sought refuge underground, in vaults or cellars. According to Suetonius, Caligula, who labored under similar fears whenever it thundered, wrapped his head up in some covering—or, if he was in bed, leaped out of bed and hid himself under it. A bishop of Langras, Charles d'Escars, always fainted at the beginning of a lunar eclipse, and remained insensible as long as it lasted. This weakness proved eventually fatal to him; for, when old and infirm, having fainted, as usual at the time of an eclipse, he was not able to recover, and expired.

THE MANUAL EXERCISE.—"My lads, the first thing you have to do is to answer to your names; when you hear the word 'Attention!' you must bring both the starboard and larboard heels to bear together, keeping your jib stays taut bowsed up, and square your shoulders by the lifts and braces, clapping both your fists against your bends, one and all the same moment, till the words 'Stand at ease,' when the hollow of your starboard foot must be smartly backed astern of the heel of the larboard one; you must also clap an over-hand knot upon your fist athwart your bread-bag. After coming to attention, at the word 'Shoulder arms,' rouse Brown Bess by the middle, and bowse her up from the lower tier of the starboard side to the larboard bow, keeping a good look out that she does not make a lee lurch and capsize, otherwise you will be apt to knock out your shipmate's top-lights. At the word 'Secure arms,' the starboard arm, which is now fast to the starboard bends, must go athwart your bread-bag, in order to receive Brown Bess by the breech, clapping your larboard fists to her midships—be sure to have her muzzle ahead, so that her breech will come right under your larboard wing, so to secure the fireworks from squalls, no tarpaulin being allowed. After shouldering, at the word 'Present arms,' you slew Bess half-round and seize her with the starboard fist, then fetch her up betwixt your top-lights, so that your flying jib boom will be two inches from her midships; be sure to back the hollow of the starboard foot astern of the heel of the larboard one during this motion. After bringing Bess from the larboard bow, the next is 'Advance arms,' both of the two first motions of which are the same as 'Present,' but at the third you heave her alongside of the starboard bends, seizing the guard with the starboard fist, so as to secure her alongside. So much for one lesson."

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R. FOX.....Sole Lessee.
THE STAR OF THE "CASINO" STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.
The Unerring Voice of the Public
PROCLAIMS THAT
FOX'S CASINO, FOX'S CASINO,
Is the most Respectable,
The most Comfortable, and
The most Popular place of Amusement
IN PHILADELPHIA.
"THE COMPANY"
The most Versatile,
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THAT EVER APPEARED IN ANY MUSIC HALL
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Whatever is Great in the World of Talent, invariably finds a home at
FOX'S CASINO.
NOTE.—The above popular place of Amusement has now been in the tide of successful operation for upwards of Six Months, under the management of Mr. R. FOX, formerly Proprietor of CANTERBURY HALL, New York, during which period it has earned for itself the name which all other Managers have in vain tried to obtain, viz:
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Artists of real merit can find good engagements by applying either personally or by letter. Stars liberally treated with.
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CHARLES TIBBETTS.....Lessee and Manager.
This Theatre is now open for the Fall and Winter Season, with the finest Company ever in California.
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PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Dress Circle.....$1.00	Orchestra Seats.....$1.00
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Stars intending to visit California will find it to their interests to address as above. 40-26t

MISS CAROLINE RICHINGS,
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MR. PETER RICHINGS,
(After a most prosperous season at Niblo's Garden, New York,) commenced their Annual Engagement at the
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THE ROSE OF TYROL,
An Opera written expressly for Miss Richings.
Music by J. Eichberg; Libretto by Wolfe.
To be followed by those great Specialities,
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BRILLIANTLY SUCCESSFUL EVERYWHERE.
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For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
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ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
The Dramatic Company return from Columbus on the 13th of April, for a continuation of their season at the above popular Theatre. All business communications may be addressed to
JOHN A. ELLSLER, Jr.,
1-tf Proprietor and Manager.

ELLSLER'S ATHENEUM,
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The dramatic season closes on the 11th inst., (April)—after which date the Athenæum may be rented for all kinds of exhibitions—nightly, or by the week. This is now the largest, best arranged, and most popular place for Lectures, Minstrel Troupes, Concerts, &c. Apply to JOHN A. ELLSLER, Jr.,
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NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.
GEO. RAYFIELD.....Lessee and Manager.
The Spring Season at this Theatre commences on APRIL 16, 1863, after the most successful Fall Season ever known in Memphis.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession desirous of Engagements, will address B. R. MAGINLEY,
1-tf Acting and Stage Manager, Box 410.

HOWARD ATHÆNEUM,
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☞ STARS wishing nights, will address the subscriber, care of CHARLES S. BERNARD & Co., 486 Broadway, cor. of Broome.
1-tf HENRY WILLARD, Lessee.

A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—Col. ELLINGER challenges the whole world to produce an equal to COMMODORE FOOTE, in age, size, weight, and education. The Commodore wears the "Gold Medal," which stamps him the smallest man alive. He is assisted by his little friend and compeer, Col. SMALL. P. T. Barnum advertises the smallest man and woman in miniature living. This I deny, and challenge him for $40,000, to produce a pair in diminutiveness equal to mine. Letters addressed, care FRANK QUEEN, CLIPPER Office, will reach COL. WM. ELLINGER,
50-tf Preceptor Commodore Foote and Col. Small.

PLAY BOOKS, PHOTOGRAPHS of KATE BATEMAN, also, as Leah; Maggie Mitchell, Lucille Western, Laura Keene, Caroline Richings, Mrs. John Wood, also in character; A. I. Menken, as French Spy and Mazeppa; Susan Denin, Kate Denin, Isabella Cubas, Fanny Brown, also in character; Webb Sisters, Lavinia Warren, Tom. Thumb, Mr. and Mrs. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Florence, E. Forrest, E. Booth, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Wilkes Booth, Ed. Adams, Lester Wallack, and hundreds of others. 25 cents each, or five for $1. Sent to any address on receipt of price. Catalogues sent on receipt of postage stamp, by
1-tf W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.

THE UNDERSIGNED having just returned from a short Season through the West, is now prepared to negotiate with Managers for the coming Season, Is desirous of traveling with a Circus Company either as Advertiser, Treasurer, Writer, or to go ahead to Lay Out. Has been in the "biz" and understands it thoroughly. If nothing in the Equestrian line offers, is prepared to accept any offer in the Professional way, Dramatic or Operatic. COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
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CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERIDAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engagements and transact all other business pertaining to the profession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to pre-pay the same. 1-tf

AMUSEMENTS.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
COURT OF COMMON PLEAS—APRIL TERM.
BEFORE THE HON. HENRY HILTON.—Jacob Beller *against* Robert Fox.—This case, which has created considerable interest among the profession for the last four years, has at length been tried and come to an issue. It seems that Beller went into the Armory Union Concert Room one Sunday night early in January, 1860, and was there violently beaten by two persons, one of whom was employed at the establishment; and to get satisfaction from somebody, Mr. Beller swears on oath that Mr. Fox was the cause of it; but the evidence adduced on the trial by Mr. Beller's own witnesses showed that Mr. Fox was not the instigator, and was quite innocent of the crime imputed to him, and the verdict of the jury acquitted Mr. Fox, and ordered Mr. Beller to pay the costs of the Court, and also Mr. Fox's expenses. The summing up of the Judge on the occasion reflects great credit on him; the language used on the occasion was sublime. The able manner in which Mr. Fox was defended by Mr. A. A. Phillips and Mr. D. J. Lyons, was a source of admiration to all present. The opposition counsel was below par, when confronted with the counsel of the other side. He would make a good end man for a second class minstrel band; instead of watching his points, he tries to do the funny business and make the Court laugh; when they can't see the point, he works himself up into a passion and bellowed so much on several occasions the Judge had to remind him where he was, and to keep cool. In his speech he was very severe on the Walter Gird system; he seemed to forget that he was the great man who was engaged to test the Constitutionality of the bill when it passed last summer, but backed out of the job because his clients could not see the point of paying all in advance. Mr. Beller showed bad taste in selecting such a man to defend him, when in the city of New York there are so many smarter men who would have conducted the case better. He is very good, no doubt, as a Tombs Lawyer, but he certainly, for his own credit, should never show his face in a higher court. The result of the case just amounts to this:—Mr. Fox left the court without a stain on his character, and Mr. Beller left the court after coming from Detroit seventeen times to prosecute, minus $800, costs of court, and about $500 more for lawyers and witness fees. If Mr. Beller ever comes to Philadelphia, he will there see a plate or engraving of a Fox with his tail in a trap, (more frightened than hurt.) Let him gaze on it and reflect.
1-3t

CARD.—PITTSBURGH, April 4th, '63.—I take this method of informing the public of a rascally transaction in the Smoky City, at the Varieties, under the late management of W. C. Smythe, now proprietor of Smythe's Casino, late Melodeon. The facts are as follows:—Last Friday evening being set apart for my benefit, I was announced to make a rope ascension, surrounded by fire works. Mr. Ben Trimble, through some malice to Mr. Smythe's company, myself included, made the threat that he would cut the rope if I undertook to walk it. Thinking that no one would be guilty of such an act, I made my appearance at the appointed time, but after having proceeded about forty feet, the rope gave way, assuring me that his threat had been carried into effect, either by himself or an accomplice. My life was just saved by an unseen rope, which I had attached in case of an emergency. The reason of his malice to the entire company is on account of their not having volunteered *en masse* for his benefit. The above transaction has caused much dissatisfaction among the patrons of the hall towards its present manager—Ben Trimble. The entire company, with the exception of two or three who have no regard for their honor, have gone with Manager Smythe to the Casino. The public feeling is with Mr. Smythe, and since the opening night, the business has been immense. HARRY LESLIE,
1-1t Comedian and Rope Walker.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
THOS. MAGUIRE.....Proprietor and Manager.
JAMES DOWLING.....Stage Manager.
J. L. SCHMIT.....Leader of Orchestra.
W. STEVENSON.....Treasurer.
THE STAR DRAMATIC COMPANY.
MISS SOPHIA EDWIN.

MISS LULU SWEET,	MRS. W. C. FORBES,
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W. O'NEIL,	FRANK MAYO,
CHARLES THORN,	WILLIAM BARRY,
D. C. ANDERSON,	HARRY CLIFTON,
W. H. HAMILTON,	F. B. WHITE,
C. STEVEVSON,	W. B. TAYLOR,
&c.,	&c., &c.

Stars visiting California should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire is also proprietor of the Metropolitan Theatre, Sacramento, and the Marysville Theatre. 48-v.x.tf

AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE INSTITUTION
FOR THE DESTITUTE SICK WIVES AND CHILDREN
OF ABSENT AND DECEASED SOLDIERS,
Will take place at the NEW IDEA, 485 Broadway, on Friday next, April 17th, when the whole of the large and selected company will appear in an entirely new programme. 1-1t*

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
LESSEE.....J. W. BUCKLAND.
This establishment TO LET, nightly or weekly, for entertainments not dramatic. Apply to J. W. BUCKLAND,
1-tf Montreal.

TO EQUESTRIANS, GYMNASTS, &C.—P. ANTONIO (of Antonio Brothers' Great World Circus) will be in New York, Monday, April 13th. Parties wishing to negotiate to travel, will address P. ANTONIO, CLIPPER OFFICE, N. Y. 1-2t

TO CIRCUS PERFORMERS.—I wish to engage a few performers, such as equestrians, gymnasts, tight-rope artists, etc. None need apply except those of real talent.
Address LEVI NORTH,
1-2t* Box 1523, Chicago, Ill.

MISS MARY PROVOST, having concluded a most highly successful engagement of three weeks at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, will appear at the St. Louis Theatre on the 20th inst., and Boston Museum, May 11th. The artiste's time is entirely filled up to July 4, from which date address
1-2t* SAMUEL COLVILLE.

NOTICE TO SIDE SHOWMEN.—FRANK BROWN, the Stone Eater and Sword Swallower, and Ethiopian Comedian, is open for an engagement for the coming season. Managers desiring his services, will please address FRANK BROWN,
1-2t* 562 Penn. Avenue, Washington, D. C.

TO MANAGERS.—F. SOLOMONS, banjoist and violinist, is in want of an engagement for the summer. Address Philadelphia Post Officer. 1-2t

CHAS. B. GRISTE, late agent for the Melville Troupe, is now disengaged. Managers wishing to secure the services of an advertiser who thoroughly understands all the minutiæ of the business, can do so on reasonable terms, by addressing
52-6t.s.b. CHAS. B. GRISTE, care of Clipper office, N. Y.

HARRINGTON & THOMPSON'S MINSTRELS.
ODD FELLOWS' HALL, MEMPHIS, TENN.
This company have been performing at the above place, for some time past, with great success, and in addition to their regular members, are constantly availing themselves of the light of new "Stars." Artists of acknowledged talent, desirous for a fresh sphere of action, are invited to address as above, under the assurance of liberal treatment and pay. 52-4t*

PEOPLE'S HALL, NEWBURGH, N. Y.—This Hall is now open for the accommodation of
FIRST CLASS TRAVELING COMPANIES,
Has Stage, Dressing Rooms, and all the modern improvements necessary for a First Class Hall. Will seat comfortably one thousand persons. For terms, &c., apply to I. M. MARTIN,
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ROYAL ALHAMBRA PALACE AND AMPHITHEATRE, Leicester Square, London, England. The Proprietor is at all times ready to engage first class talent and novelty suitable to his Mammoth Entertainment. Terms liberal. Apply as above.
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C. E. FRANCIS. Wench Dancer and Burlesque prima donna, formerly of Sanford's Opera House, is ready to negotiate with Managers. Address, No. 1144 South street, below 12th, Philadelphia. 1-1t*

ROUND TOP CANVASS,
FOR SALE.
Sixty feet in diameter and in good order. Will be sold cheap, as the owner has no use for it, not being in the circus business. Address box 152, Pittsburgh, Pa. 51-tf

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None but FIRST CLASS ARTISTS, and thoroughly responsible Managements negotiated with. All letters and applications must enclose a stamp for reply. Terms will be forwarded when requested. 51-13t*